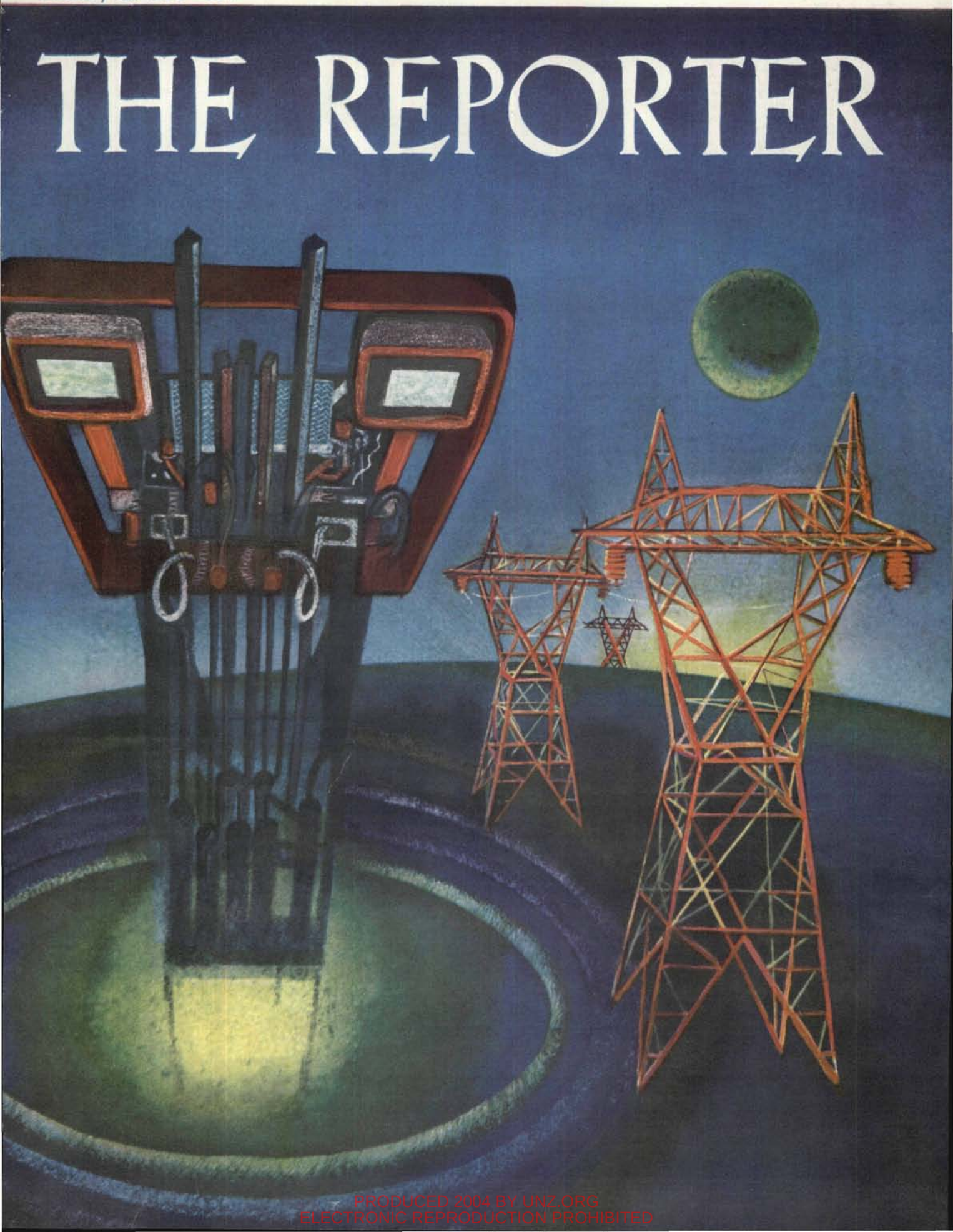
IKE AND THE PEACEFUL ATOM

January 12, 1956 25¢

# THE REPORTER



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AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

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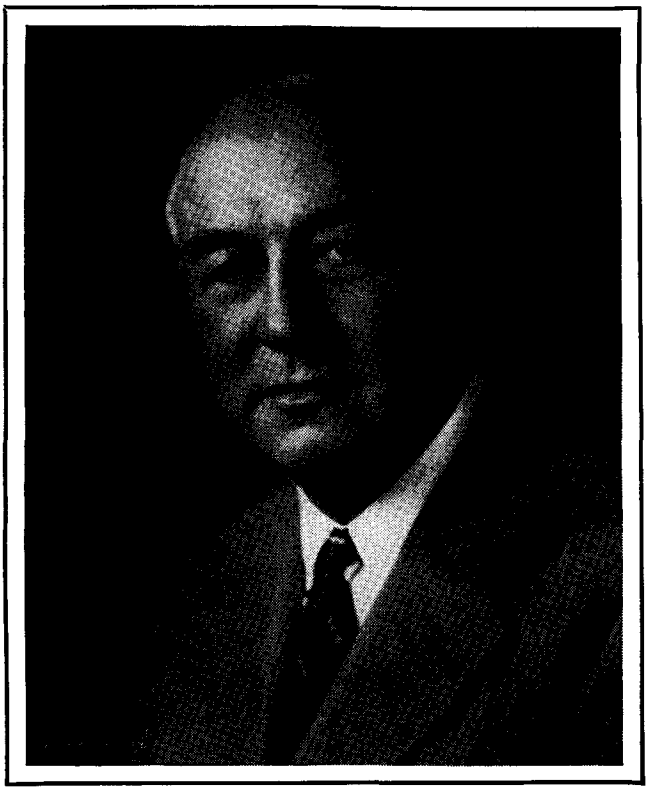

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It came about through a great program of voluntary cooperation with the Treasury Department on the part of many groups, organizations and citizens. The magazine publishers have from the beginning been among the major supporters of the Bond program. They contribute millions of dollars' worth of advertising space each year.

Full credit for making Bond-buying a national habit is due that "three-way partnership"—the American citizen, the Government, and the volunteer groups, such as the magazine publishers, who bring buyer and seller together through the pages of their publications.

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Secretary of the Treasury

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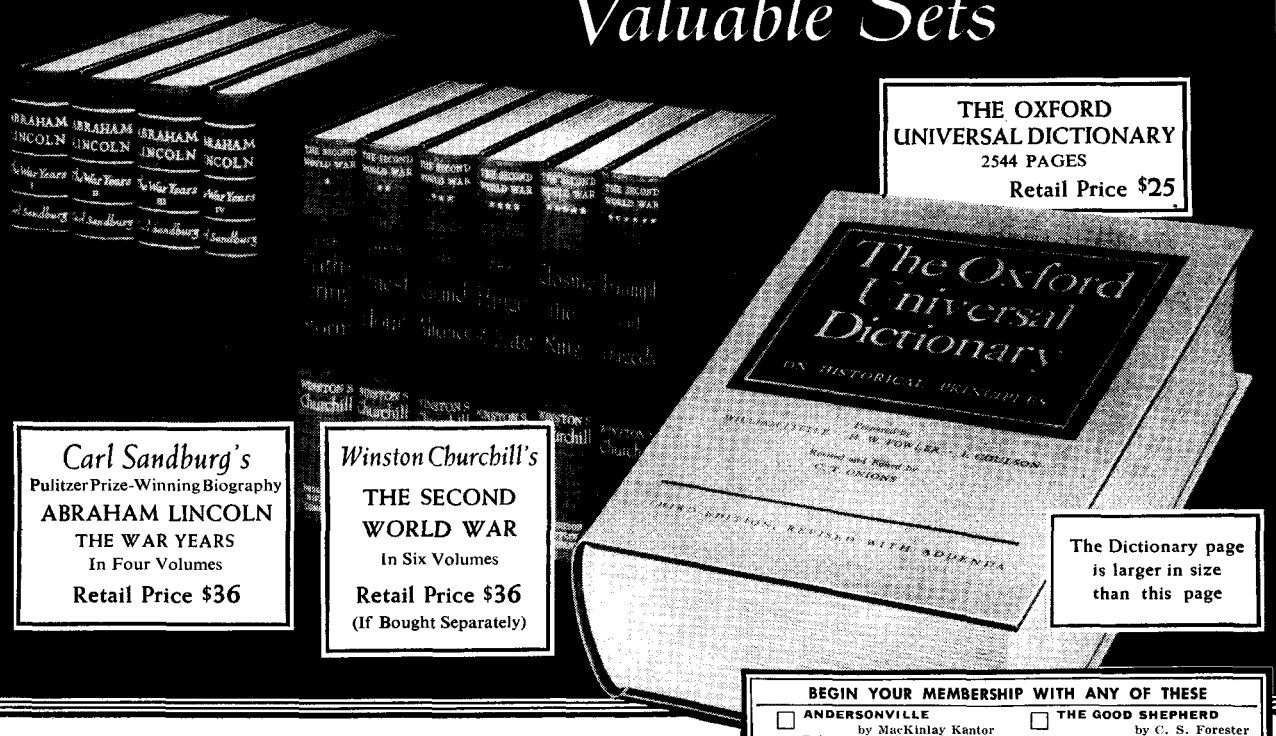


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# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## Christianity With Scope

*Life* magazine, in its big year-end issue, gave to Christianity that panoramic grandeur which it gives to every golden subject it really likes: American food, American capitalism, American musical comedies, America in general. Now it was American Christianity, with a little side glimpse at Christianity in colorful India and troubled Europe toward the end. The pages were spread with the Onward March of Faith . . . the Unprecedented Wave of Religious Observance . . . the Biggest U.S. Archdiocese . . . with splendid reproductions of religious art, and hymns, prayers, and creed in massive colored Gothic script. We looked for a word to describe that grand, sweeping, inclusive, colorful quality *Life* gives to everything it touches, and we remembered one a Hollywood producer is said to use. He says, somewhat to the mystification of his colleagues, that every one of his movies must have it: "Scope." Well, *Life's* thirty-five-cent, 168-page, double-barreled issue showed that Christianity—like America and Time, Inc. —has Scope.

It took courage and planning to treat this subject, for it meant picking and choosing, delving into matters on which every reader has his feeling and prejudice, balancing Catholic and Protestant, Billy Graham and Harvard, and setting aside a couple of pages in which to confine the world, the flesh, the devil, and the theologians. To put out such an issue was to risk heartfelt criticism from every sect and every side, a thing editors are not often willing to do. The risk was all the greater because *Life* no longer contented itself with the position of a detached onlooker, as it had in earlier articles on Hinduism, Buddhism, and such: This time, along with the words and pictures about the march and the challenges, the rugged basis of American Protestantism and America's moral consensus, the testimony of a devout President and the Apostles' Creed, could be heard the unmistakable sound of drums. Even some of the advertisers were moved to join the pilgrim throng: two gigantic pages of Peace of Mind from State Farm Mutual Insurance, some Wise Men from Hilton Hotels, Things to Remember from Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation.

WE DON'T necessarily object to drums, but we wonder about the implied argument from Scope. Isn't it like that older pitch for Christianity, which argued from its history (the nineteen hundred years; it's been around a long time!), or from its extent (the eight hundred million living Christians; look at all the people and art and kinds and countries!) To quote, in this unlikely context, from Mrs. Browning, "Love so wrought can be unwrought so." A faith grounded just on sweep and numbers and color and longevity is at their mercy. And, anyway, is that the basis of a man's faith, that this is something big and booming? Nothing about truth or sin, or inner satisfaction of the soul?

In an article in *Fortune*, Editor Henry Luce set forth more explicitly his hopes for America and Christianity. (Again, it's a little hard to distinguish.) By 1980, in his soaring vision, with our technical development we may become "Collaborators with God in charge of evolution," we may "Christianize Atlas" and have a "spiritually oriented" evolution, whatever that is; we will have overcome the habit of poverty, perfected the High Organization of what Science can do to Nature, and be ready for a "greater Renaissance" that will not be "pagan." That vision has Scope all right. It is *Life*-like, and it goes well in the burgeoning, wealthy *Fortune*-extolled America from which it comes. But how does it differ from any other enthusiastic boom—except maybe that in this full-employment boom of ours, God too is given a job as a collaborator? As we read Mr. Luce's glowing words and those end-

## FIDDLEDEEDEE

*"The suggestion that we let India and any other Oriental nations go Communist if they are such fools is quite right.*

*"It is time we called a halt in bleeding our country white to bribe unreliable peoples to stay on our side . . .*

*"I think it is time we left the U.N. and made alliances with like-thinking nations. Let the others go!*

*"It will be said the world cannot exist half slave and half free. Fiddlesticks! . . ."*

*". . . The goddess of liberty carries not only a torch but a sword."*

*—Nilla Van Slyke Harder in a letter to the New York* Herald Tribune

Hurray for Nilla! Up the flaming sword!
Out with the fine exclamatory word!
Down, unreliable peoples! Let them loose
To stew in their own crimson-tainted juice!
While we withdraw to purer bailiwicks
Secure behind a pale of fiddlesticks!
(Except for me. If there's an option, Nilla,
I'll take Charybdis rather than your Scylla!)

—SEC

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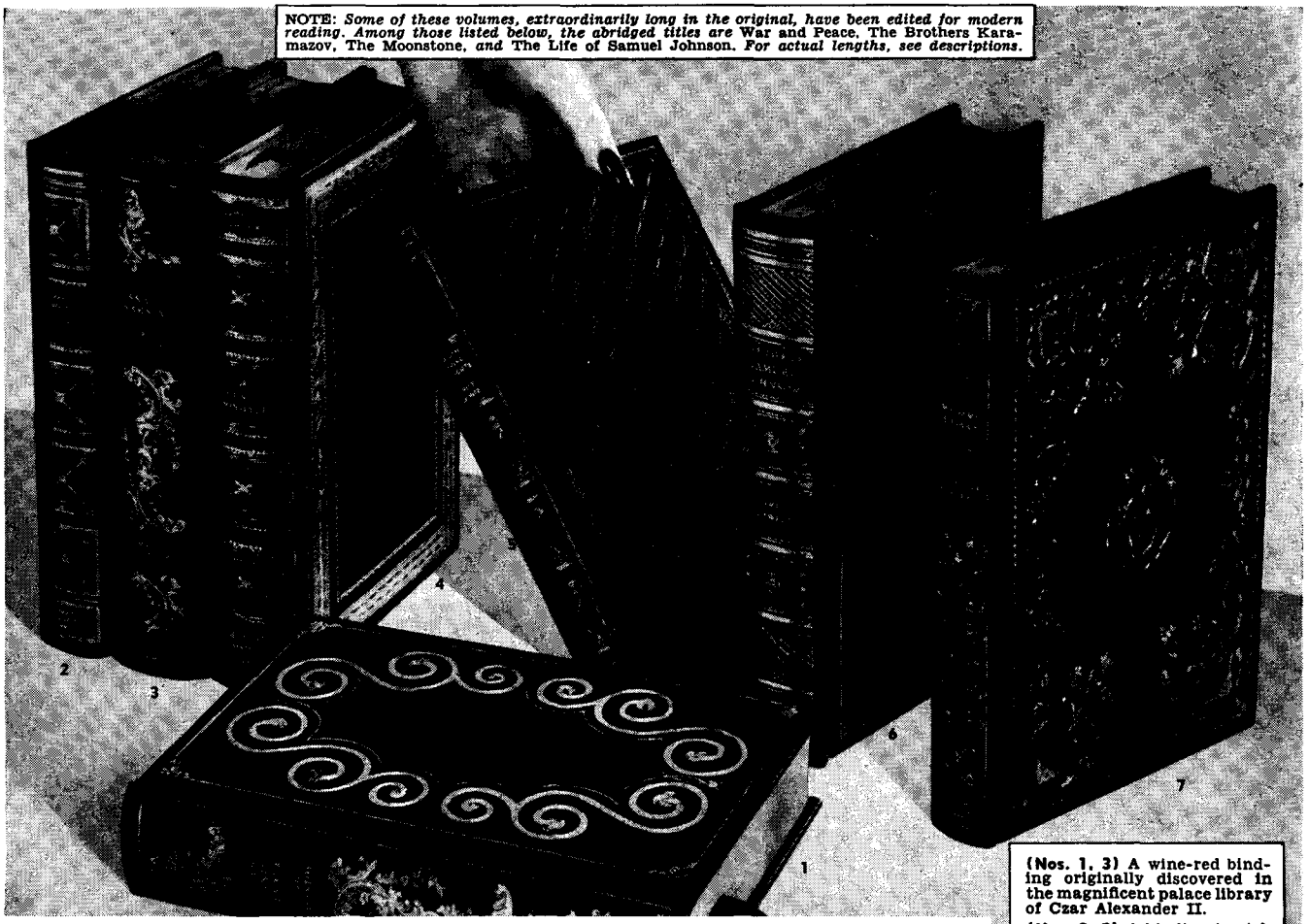


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less evangelical pages of *Life* on America and Christianity, we begin to yearn for something Christian, and something American, that is missing. The Christian note that's not really there is contrition; some sense of a distance between our national ethos, our "evolution," our "collaborating with God," and an ever-questioning faith. The American note that's missing is a bit of frontier skepticism and humor. After pages and pages of this sober stuff we begin to hear a very American voice, perhaps Mark Twain's, saying as *Life's* parade marches toward that big blend of technology, Christianity, and Americanism in a great unpagan Renaissance, that he's sorry but he thinks he'll sit this one out.

## Good Beginning

The new year, which finds the American people grappling with challenges ranging from peaceful coexistence and the atom to automation and a Presidential election, is being inaugurated in Washington with an investigation into the New York *Times* by the Internal Security subcommittee presided over by Senator James Eastland of Mississippi.

The Senator denies that his subcommittee is now out to investigate the press. Perhaps he is not out at this time to probe the American press as a whole, but there is no doubt that the subcommittee leadership, aided by chief counsel J. G. Sourwine, has it in for the New York *Times*.

Last summer, fastening onto CBS commentator Winston Burdett's public identification of *Times* reporter Charles Grutzner as a former member of a Communist Party unit, the subcommittee took testimony from Grutzner, who declared that he had long ago repudiated his affiliation. Nevertheless, it tried to imply in its record that Grutzner had deliberately broken Army security regulations during the Korean War when filing a story to the *Times* from the front on the first successful use of the F-86 Sabre jet, as a result of which he was disaccredited as a theater correspondent. The subcommittee had not bothered to find out that Grutzner had prefaced his story with a warning that it could be published only with Pentagon clearance, that Air Force chief General Hoyt Vandenberg had approved the story, and that the recommendation of the general at the front that Grutzner be removed "for giving classified information to the enemy" had been turned down at the Pentagon.

In December, still eager to have a go at the New York *Times*, the Eastland subcommittee summoned more than thirty *Times* employees to closed hearings in preparation for the public ones to take place beginning January 4. They were confronted with questions not only about past personal affiliations but about the way specific news stories had been written and played—matters not hitherto regarded as the proper business of the Senate. One editor was shown a news picture and caption run in the *Times* and then the same picture and precisely the same caption as run in the *Daily Worker*. Could he explain this suspicious coincidence? At the moment, he couldn't. When he got back to his desk he checked and found that the picture and caption in question had been sent to both papers by a wire service.

Similarly, in the earlier Grutzner hearing, committee counsel Sourwine had made a point of the fact that the *Daily Worker* had picked up from the *Times* a portion of a Grutzner dispatch from Korea about the ill will that a small group of badly disciplined G.I.s were creating among the local population. Grutzner had protested that the *Daily Worker* picked up anything from the regular press that might suit the fancy of its readers. "That's right," Sourwine remarked. "That's why they printed your story. It appeared to serve their purposes." Evidently it did not oc-

### TO H—— WITH IT

To Humphrey, Hollister, Hoover, and Hughes
Foreign aid is unfortunate news;
It's balance the budget (win or lose)
For Hollister, Humphrey, Hoover, and Hughes.
—SEC



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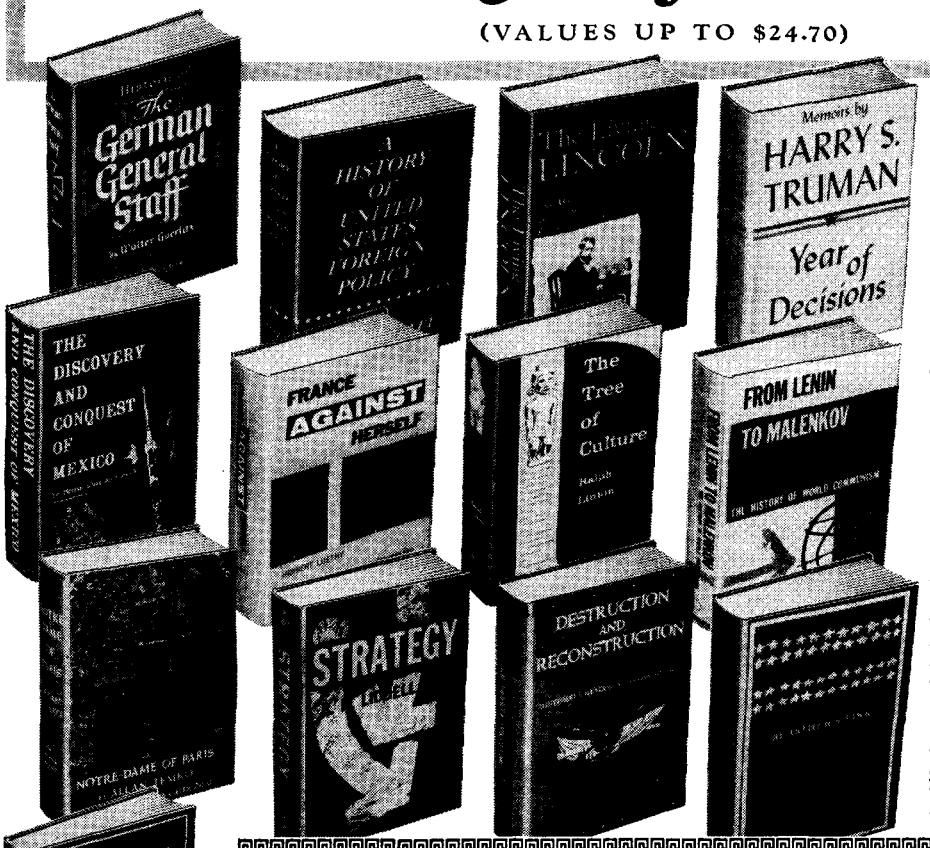
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cur to the Senators at the committee table that their counsel was thereby passing to the *Daily Worker* people the hint that simply by picking up some reputable American correspondent's dispatch to his newspaper they might be able to destroy him, and thus exercise a virtual veto power over American journalism with the unwitting assistance of the Eastland group.

SUCH CONSIDERATIONS have fallen by the wayside in the campaign to undermine the New York *Times*. Why particularly the *Times*? Quite a number of influential circles do not like the *Times*. There are Southern irreconcilables who resent its exhaustive reporting on both the progress made under the Supreme Court's desegregation decision and the sabotage of such progress. There are overt or concealed anti-Semites. And there are others who, remembering the newspaper's editorial-page hostility to Senators McCarran and McCarthy, are out to get it.

"This investigation," frankly remarked New York *Daily News* columnist John O'Donnell, whose contact with the Eastland subcommittee is close, "has as its background frequent charges . . . that news reports of the early hearings held by the late Senator McCarran of Nevada . . . and the later hearings by Senator McCarthy were given a false emphasis and twisted interpretation." In short, reprisal. Moreover, the Right Reverend John J. McMahon, in charge of the radio and television bureau of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Buffalo, has denounced the *Times* as the "chief protagonist" of a "dangerous idea" that "exalts individual freedom to a degree that we should consider dangerous to the security of our country."

What is now afoot, then, looks more like an attempt to get the New York *Times* than an investigation. The irreconcilables are playing for high stakes: the intimidation and muzzling of America's leading independent daily. So far, they have found encouragement in the virtual silence that a worried press, with a few exceptions, has preserved. Quite a number of publications, we fear, will feature news stories of the hearings while remaining editorially mum. We won't.


*Columbia*

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In 1954 the Israel-Egypt conflict emerged full-force on the agenda of the United Nations. That year also saw the Moroccan question and the USSR's draft resolution requesting the seating of the People's Republic of China placed before the Secretary General. President Eisenhower made his memorable speech which initiated the program for the international cooperation in developing the peaceful uses of atomic energy. This eighth in a series of annual volumes produced by the United Nations Department of Public Information – just published – provides a comprehensive account of the work and achievements of the United Nations and its Specialized Agencies. There are chapters dealing with economic and social questions and the work of the International Court of Justice and the International Law Commission. Fully indexed, this volume, unlike its predecessors, gives documentary citations and texts after each main subject discussed. *"Surely must become the keystone of the library on international affairs in our time."*
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# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE MIDDLE EAST

**To the Editor:** It is probably an indication of the complexity of the Middle East problem that your lucid and forthright editorial ("Bailing Out the British," *The Reporter*, December 15) is less than complete.

Secretary Dulles's proposal of August 26, 1955, offering formal treaty engagements to guarantee the borders of Israel and its neighbors, would indeed be a "fair and sensible plan," as you call it. It is, however, self-negating and quite meaningless in that it proposes such a guarantee only after Israel and the Arab states mutually agree on a border settlement. The crux of the whole difficulty is that the Arab states refuse to recognize the existence of Israel and, by simply abstaining from making peace, effectively veto the Dulles plan.

At this juncture, a guarantee of borders is not enough to preserve the peace. With the arms superiority that Egypt is rapidly acquiring over Israel, it is possible to bomb Israel into submission within a matter of days and before any guarantees by western powers can be implemented.

Only adequate arming of Israel to balance the Soviet bloc's arms shipments can deter Egyptian militarists or, in case they do start a war, keep them off long enough to permit the West to intervene.

Indecisive half steps by the United States cannot save democracy's only true friend in the Middle East, nor will they succeed in buying the friendship of the fellow-traveling countries.

HAROLD SILVER
Detroit

**To the Editor:** The Arabs have grounds for feeling bitter about the loss of half of Palestine and the exile of 900,000 refugees. The actions of their governments are not primarily due to "hotheaded" officers or ambitious politicians; they are due to a broad wave of deep resentment against Israel among all classes in all the Arab countries. No Arab government could ignore popular opinion on Palestine and survive. The tension between Israel and the Arabs cannot be relaxed simply by western control of armaments and guarantee of the present *de facto* boundaries; adjustment of these boundaries and a proper compensation to the Arab refugees are called for before there can be any real peace.

Sir Anthony Eden and the British government are merely recognizing the true situation in urging Israel to make an offer. There is thus no occasion for "bailing out the British," but rather for informing the American public.

GEORGE F. HOURANI
Ann Arbor, Michigan

**To the Editor:** Max Ascoli's proposal to install U.S. Marines in the Israeli-Arab border area—and bring the United Nations into this enterprise only after the western powers have "dramatized" their stand—suggests a beachhead diplomacy that only the narrowest view could entertain. Just what does Mr. Ascoli suppose the dramatic effect of such action would be on Arab opinion? It requires strange logic indeed to argue that by this gesture and by "bailing out the British"—forcing them to join us in putting all their eggs in the Israeli basket—we can hope to forestall a Russian junket to Cairo.

The point to be remembered is not that Israel is a beachhead of democracy in the Middle East, nor that Britain is "overcommitted to the Arabs." The point is that to support Israel's privileged position in the area in disregard of its neighbors' grievances is a luxury that we have long been unable to afford.

MALCOLM H. KERR
Washington

**To the Editor:** Claire Sterling concludes her article ("A Report from Egypt and Israel," *The Reporter*, December 15) with three propositions: first that the western powers are faced with a "choice between abandoning Israel and risking the loss of Egypt and most of the Middle East"; secondly that "Nasser has gone so far already that his return to the West seems exceedingly unlikely"; and thirdly that "the sacrifice [of Israel], therefore, would be not only tragic but useless." The first statement is a false dilemma; no responsible western—or indeed Arab—statesman has suggested sacrificing Israel; many are, however, concerned over such Israeli attacks as those of Gaza in February, El Auja in November, and Lake Tiberias in December. The second statement is certainly untrue: Nasser is much less committed to the Russians than are either Nehru or U Nu, with both of whose problems you have, rightly, shown much sympathy; all he has done is to buy arms from Czechoslovakia, after repeated refusals from the West, and sell to eastern Europe goods he could not dispose of in western markets—which is exactly what Israel has been doing since 1948. As for the conclusion, it would seem to imply that Mrs. Sterling is ready to give up the whole Middle East to the Russians, without even an attempt at salvage.

Ray Alan ("Trouble on the Northern Tier," *The Reporter*, December 15) repeats the statement that Egypt bought arms to build up its strength against Iraq; yet it should have been obvious to him and to everyone else that it is not Iraq which is attacking Egyptian, Jordanian, and Syrian outposts and villages or threatening preventive war. Again and again he repeats the comparison of Eden, a new Chamberlain, capitulating to Nasser, another Hitler, in a Middle Eastern Munich—a comparison intended no doubt to be flattering to Egypt but hardly warranted if Mrs. Sterling's statements are true, viz., that the Israelis, whose army she estimates at 150,000 against Egypt's 100,000 and who have large reserves, could "cripple the Egyptian Army for at least a decade" in an attack that "need not last more than a week or two" and that, "except for Jordan's British-trained Arab Legion, twenty thousand strong, the military strength of Egypt's potential allies is negligible."

CHARLES ISSAWI
New York

**To the Editor:** I would like to express my deep gratitude to *The Reporter* for continuing to publish such cogent articles as those written by Claire Sterling and Ray Alan on Arab-Israel relationships. They tend to grant one a token of reassurance, in the face of casual apathy and the bluster of diplomacy, that Israel's efforts to save its very existence need not pass unnoticed.

SHALE BROWNSTEIN
Buffalo, New York

## THE MISSING 'RING'

**To the Editor:** Like Roland Gelatt ("The Listener Gets the Works," *The Reporter*, December 15), I have been impressed with the "complete-works" recordings that have been coming on the market, and also with the number of symphonic and operatic works duplicated (and triplicated, quadruplicated, etc.) by different companies. I am all the more bewildered and astonished at one glaring omission: the failure of any company to give us a complete recording not only of the Wagner Ring Cycle but of a single one of the four works composing that cycle.

I wonder, too, why certain other composers have been slighted. Thus we have three recordings of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, which is a fine thing to have, but nothing from his *Königskinder*, which contains some beautiful music. There is also nothing by Raff, and I think some of his compositions, notably his Fifth Symphony, are well worth hearing.

CLIFFORD H. BISSELL
Berkeley 8, California

## 'WE DEMAND'

**To the Editor:** In David Halberstam's "A County Divided Against Itself (*The Reporter*, December 15) it is rather ironic that Yazoo Citizens Council Chairman Nick Roberts is quoted as saying: "Our Constitutional government just is not operated for some minority [the Negroes] to come in and say 'We demand.'" Perhaps it should be pointed out that it is the exponents of continued segregation who are opposing the Constitution in the matter of integrated schools, not the N.A.A.C.P., which is only demanding that the law of the land be put into effect. Further, it should be mentioned that when this minority is saying "We demand," it is only to gain the rights that are guaranteed by the same Constitution to which Mr. Roberts refers. If our Constitutional government does not operate in this way for minorities, it is not fulfilling one of the basic functions for which it was established.

OLE HOLSTI
Middletown, Connecticut



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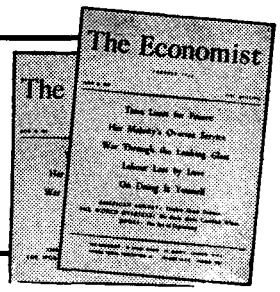


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# WHO—

# WHAT—

# WHY—

THE TIME has come to attempt a review and appraisal of the Eisenhower Administration, and it can be useful, we think, to take up some of its major policies one by one. In this issue **John Lear's** article about the peaceful atom deals with a policy that can be considered, on balance, a success story, for which the main credit must go to the President. Mr. Lear interviewed many of the people concerned with the development of peaceful use of the atom, and by a patient piecing together he has succeeded in producing a comprehensive and meaningful picture. Of course it cannot be a definitive picture, but we consider it objective and the best that can be made at this time. Mr. Lear was formerly editor of the Research Institute of America.

The announcement that women—Simone de Beauvoir's "Second Sex"—are coming of age politically is made regularly at the approach of every Presidential election. On this score we are conformists. **Barbara Wendell Kerr** tells what women Democrats are doing in New York to organize the professional training of volunteer workers. It has been widely reported that the Eisenhower appeal was particularly felt, in the last elections, by women; the New York women Democrats are busy mending their fences. Maybe, after all, there is something new here. Mrs. Kerr is on the editorial staff of a national magazine. . . . Speaking of elections, **Patrick O'Donovan,** Washington correspondent for the London *Observer,* discovered to his amazement when covering the recent election in Kentucky that a British reporter can find himself right on the platform and the center of attention. . . . Not much is known yet about that revolution which took place in Argentina, but **Gladys Delmas,** an American writer living in Buenos Aires, gives a firsthand account of the very important role played in it by university students.

**Marya Mannes,** staff writer, has been put on many a beat—from TV to juvenile delinquency. This time she covers the corridors of the U.N. Headquarters in New York. . . . **Mark Van Doren,** poet, critic, short-story writer, and Professor of English at Columbia University, has returned from Europe with three articles for *The Reporter.* The first revives classical memories of a country in which so much of our civilization was born. . . . **Faubion Bowers's** new book, *Theatre in the East,* will be published in the spring. . . . **August Heckscher,** formerly chief editorial writer of the New York *Herald Tribune,* has recently been appointed Executive Director of the Twentieth Century Fund. . . . **Sidney Alexander** teaches at the New School in New York.



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# THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Fourteen miles south of Kennebunkport, Maine, is Boon Island. For almost 70 years Boon Island and the Boon Island Lighthouse have been part of the heritage and the daily existence of writer Kenneth Roberts, Kennebunkport's most distinguished citizen.

On Boon Island December 11, 1710, occurred one of the most amazing episodes in maritime history. For on that date the English ship, *Nottingham Galley,* was wrecked on the island.

For 24 days the 14-man crew of the ship lived through the terrible winter weather of the Maine coast hoping for rescue. Among the crew were heroes and cowards, men who selfishly betrayed their fellows, and others who died to aid them.

Kenneth Roberts has long intended to tell the story of the *Nottingham Galley,* and now in his new novel, "Boon Island," he has recreated, in a day-by-day account, the saga of these men, from the days before the ship sailed from Greenwich, England, until rescuers from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, reached them.

I have seen a picture of Boon Island, and I know that "island" is really a courtesy title for what is little more than a pile of rocks barely large enough for the present-day lighthouse which rises on it.

It is incredible to me that men could have existed there for even one December day. I found Kenneth Roberts' "Boon Island," not only a fascinating story of men of the sea, but a moving tribute to man's indomitable will to stay alive.

*L. L. Day*
**EDITOR-AT-LARGE**

"Boon Island," by Kenneth Roberts ($3.75) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of 12 other books (among them "Northwest Passage," "Oliver Wiswell," "Arundel," "Rabble in Arms" and "Lydia Bailey") by Mr. Roberts. In "Boon Island" is a bibliographical section describing these books, all of which may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops.

**The prize of 67 Anchor Books recently offered in this column was won by Mrs. Helen Bland Matthews of Robersonville, North Carolina.**


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# The President and His Party

THE ARTICLE that follows shows Eisenhower the President at his best: an imaginative leader striving to live up to the expectations which the people of his own country and of the world have thrust upon him. At the same time, it reveals him as a Chief Executive singularly patient whenever the exercise of his leadership is thwarted by men he himself has chosen.

There may be many causes for the discordance between the inspiring generosity of his ultimate aims, all related to the attainment of peace, and the shy, halting nature of the means he uses. Perhaps his military training so deeply impressed upon him the principle of civilian supremacy as to disincline him from disciplining any civilian official who may block his course—including those directly subordinate to him. Or perhaps his wartime experience has given him confidence that no matter how many troublesome Montgomerys there may be on his team, in the end he will prevail over them —honorable men all.

Yet what has most affected the President's conduct in office is his decision four years ago to seek the Republican nomination. At that time the military leader of the NATO coalition proclaimed himself a lifelong Republican and took upon himself the task of uniting and remaking his party. For this purpose the President brought into office men—like Radford, Dulles, or Strauss—representing Republican policies or traits he may not have particularly cherished. Four years ago, Eisenhower gambled his success as President on the expectation that the G.O.P. could be united and made fit to govern.

Considering the risk he ran, it is remarkable that Eisenhower has succeeded in governing at all. Even during his first two years in office, before a Democratic majority in Congress came to his rescue, he had the vision to launch and pursue the atoms-for-peace program. In furthering the end to which he is unreservedly dedicated—the prevention of war without the accretion of Communist power—the President, in spite of all self-imposed handicaps, achieved a notable measure of success. His finest hour was at Geneva. There he impressed himself upon the hearts and minds of all men as the most persuasive, trustworthy advocate of the principle he never tires of stating: In our times, there is no alternative to peace.

The Geneva summit conference put an end to trench diplomacy and opened the way for a diplomacy of movement. Once before, Eisenhower had found himself in a somewhat similar situation after Bradley's army had won the grueling fight through Normandy's hedgerows. Then he knew what to do: He loosed Patton's fresh armored divisions. But after Geneva, there was no equivalent to Patton's drive in the conduct of American diplomacy. This may have been because of the fact that in 1955 he did not feel as secure and self-confident as when George Marshall, Henry Stimson, and Franklin Roosevelt stood above and by him. Or it may be because of the fact that shortly after Geneva the President fell sick.

SLOWLY yet irresistibly, the President's heart attack has made increasingly evident his party's disability—a disability that cannot be concealed by any professional handling of press relations, and for which no Dr. White can offer a prognosis. The only thing we know for sure is that it dates way back, and that for all his forbearing care, Eisenhower has not been able to remove it. Perhaps he has not had time, or perhaps the task was a hopeless one to start with. What is certain is that the schism between the right wing of his party and the Center—there is no Left—is once again the same as four years ago, when Eisenhower made his great bet.

It's a sad, perhaps a tragic fact to acknowledge, a fact that may affect our two-party system: Eisenhower has lost his gamble. At present an overwhelming number of Republican politicians cherish the prospect of having the nation headed for one more term by an attenuated Eisenhower—a man who could scarcely afford the life-consuming effort required to make the irrevocable decisions that a President must face.

If the President decides not to run or postpones his decision much longer, the intraparty fight will burst out with savage fury. For aside from Eisenhower there is no man who can hold the factions together—unless it is Vice-President Nixon, that matchless global-firster, capable of being for all-out military assistance to Europe and to Asia too, for foreign economic assistance, for a sound dollar, for bitter partisanship, and for bipartisanship—all first.

THERE IS an unreal quality so far about the coming Presidential election. We know and talk only about the Democratic Party and its candidates. Yet the fate of our two-party system and of our political order in the years to come will be largely decided by the outcome of the irrepressible factional struggle within the Republican Party.



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# Ike and the Peaceful Atom

JOHN LEAR

"ATOMS FOR PEACE" has become the one real crusade of General Dwight D. Eisenhower's period in the Presidency. The pledge he made before the surprised General Assembly of the United Nations on December 8, 1953—a solemn promise that the moment our good will was matched, we would take uranium from our A-bomb stockpile and put it in a world bank where "have-not" neighbors could borrow it for their own peaceful purposes—is still remembered and cherished in the earth's far places.

No other act of the President has commanded such universal acceptance and acclaim. And, singularly, nothing else that he has done so thoroughly typifies his own strongest personal traits: the fortitude of the soldier and the patience of the man of simple faith.

At times alone, at best with only the liberals of his party about him, always with Republican doubters and dissenters dragging out and slowing down the march, Eisenhower has slogged toward "atoms for peace" through two dismaying years, stopping often for stragglers, until now, in the twenty-fifth month of his campaign, he is at last within sight of his objective.

Who helped him, who hindered him, how he mediated between them without once invoking the Presidential power of political banishment, what led him in the first place to end the long period of doubt and hesitation that had encompassed the latter half of the Truman Administration and the first quarter of his own, and finally what caused him to appear before the U.N. to bespeak a new day for the atom-frightened world—all these together make up a case history of successful American improvisation against Communist threat and duplicity, the triumph of American initiative over American caution, and the growth of American idealism from the roots of American practicality.

Like the Marshall Plan before it, "atoms for peace" sprang from strategic and psychological necessity. When President Eisenhower took office, the atomic armaments race had been going on for four years. The Russians had exploded their first A-bomb in 1949, and the President knew it would be only a matter of time before they duplicated the vastly more powerful hydrogen bomb we had set off late in 1952. The urgency and tension of waiting for that bigger Soviet bomb to drop were heightened by the death of Joseph Stalin barely six weeks after Eisenhower's term opened.

Stalin had given every sign of indifference to the wholesale slaughter of atomic warfare. Would the new men in the Kremlin feel differently? And would they understand that atomic weapons had now ruled out any alternatives to peace?

WITHIN a few weeks after Stalin's death, Eisenhower put the question directly to the new rulers in the Kremlin. Is there, he asked in a speech in April, 1953, a "chance for a just peace. . . ?"

No one in Washington expected an answer soon. Until one came, it was imperative to prepare the American people for the worst. Ever since 1950, the Pentagon had argued that the full truth about atomic holocausts should be told. It had to be made clear that we held no monopoly on atomic knowledge. President Truman had not accepted this military appraisal—at least not enough to act on it. President Eisenhower did accept it, wholeheartedly, and some time before or during the month of April, 1953, he and the National Security Council agreed to reveal to the people here at home the facts of life in the H-bomb era.

### The Publisher and the Banker

Among the many agents of this revelation, two had prominent roles. One was C. D. Jackson, who had taken a leave of absence as publisher of *Fortune* magazine to run psychological warfare at the White House. The other was Lewis L. Strauss, a Wall Street investment banker who had sat on the original Atomic Energy Commission from 1946 to 1950, and had been brought back into the government by Eisenhower, first as personal adviser to the President in atomic matters and then as AEC Chairman.

As a professional journalist, Jackson wanted to inform the public with all possible impact. As the official guardian of atomic secrets, Strauss wanted to withhold everything that touched in the slightest degree on security. Between the two opposing points of view stood the President, encouraging both without offending either. Scores of drafts of a public declaration on the atom were written and circulated through the AEC and the Pentagon during 1953 in what later became known as Operation CANDOR.

The first batch was produced from April to June. Collectively, they have since been characterized by the single word "Bang!" because they pictured the frightful wounds an H-bomb could inflict upon the United States. In May, Jackson came up with such a realistic and grisly recital that the President shuddered and turned away, saying, "We don't want to scare the country to death!"

A second batch started circulating in July. They became known as the



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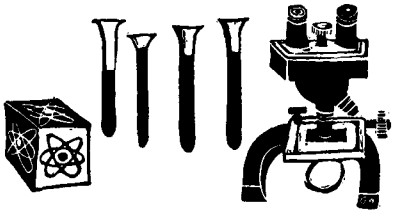
"Bang! BANG!" papers because they linked the horrors atomic bombs could visit upon us to the devastation we would wreak in retaliation. It was thought that the second, bigger BANG would be somewhat reassuring. But at the end of the month, after dozens of drafts had been shuffled all over Washington, the President read the finished paper, shook his head, and said, "This leaves everybody dead on both sides, with no hope anywhere. Can't we find some hope?"

Jackson, for one, had just about given up hope when the Russians exploded their first H-bomb early in August, 1953.

### A Memo from Denver

The President was in Denver when he got the news of the Russian explosion. He thought back to his years as Supreme Commander of SHAPE and remembered how fearful our Allies had been of our atomic intentions. He reviewed in his mind the reports that our ambassadors and ministers had been sending to the White House from neutral nations like India, whose peoples saw our atomic attitude as a new form of "imperialistic warmongering."

Perhaps, the President concluded, the time had come to test an assumption that had long tantalized him—the idea that the best chance for lasting peace was to undertake disarmament in small, cautious steps, thus allowing time to build up mutual



confidence. What, he asked himself, could he propose as the first step? After turning the problem over in his mind for a while, he called a secretary and dictated a memo that read something like this:

"I have been thinking about this atom business, and it seems to me there ought to be some way for us to give a certain amount of uranium to some kind of international agency that might be set up for the purpose. We couldn't give much at first without scaring our own people. But it should be enough to show the have-not peoples of the world that we sincerely want to develop the atom in a peaceful, friendly way. What are the technical problems we would have to work out in order to do this?"

Those were not his exact words, but they express the President's meaning as closely as his press secretary, James C. Hagerty, can remember it. The memo was carried from Denver to Washington and delivered to Lewis Strauss.

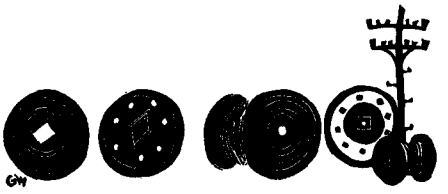
STRAUSS had come into the Administration from the right wing of the Republican Party. Once a secretary to Herbert Hoover and a close friend of Senator Taft, the AEC Chairman had been an investment banker in Wall Street and had acquired a portly suavity which, with his short stature, gave him a marked resemblance to a well-dressed owl.

Like the owl, Strauss said more with his eyes than with his mouth. In talking to me about atoms for peace, he would neither confirm nor deny that he had ever received the President's memo from Denver. He acted as though I hadn't mentioned it. The truth may be that Strauss would have preferred never to have seen the memo. His wariness concerning all atomic dealings with foreign nations was a matter of record. At a Congressional investigation into alleged mismanagement of the AEC in 1949, he had stated his philosophy plainly: "My observation is that international friendships are ephemeral."

Strauss was then a member of the original AEC, named in 1946 by President Truman. He was undoubtedly the most conservative of Truman's five appointees. He opposed his four colleagues on the very first international question that came before the Commission in 1947. The issue was whether radioactive isotopes ought to be shipped to our friends abroad.

Atomic scientists had pleaded for regular shipments in return for reports on experiments that would ensue. The scientists' reasoning was that the fissioning of uranium could not be obscured from the rest of the world for very long anyway. It was important, therefore, that we should have some open channel through which to learn of new atomic discoveries.

The Atomic Energy Act of 1946 permitted isotope shipments "for research or development activity, medical therapy, industrial uses, or such other useful applications as may be developed." At the same time, the law specifically prohibited "exchange of information with other nations



with respect to the use of atomic energy for industrial purposes . . . until Congress declares by joint resolution that effective and enforceable international safeguards against the use of atomic energy for destructive purposes have been established. . ."

Strauss considered isotopes themselves to be a kind of information, or at least a possible source of information. He consequently interpreted the ban on information to cover isotopes in all cases that might involve industry, directly or indirectly. "I am not an isolationist and have never been," he insisted. "National security, however, as long as I am a member of this Commission, must be my paramount responsibility."

After being voted down four to one, and declared in error by the AEC's legal counsel, Strauss asked for and obtained his associates' consent to carry a personal appeal from their verdict on isotopes to the State Department and the Pentagon. The appeals failed, but Strauss was still convinced that he was in the right in the matter.

WHEN STRAUSS returned to the AEC as Chairman, neither the law nor his interpretation of it had changed one bit. So when he was told that a Communist professor in a Norwegian university laboratory had actually used an American radioisotope during the period when Strauss had been fighting isotope shipments abroad, the AEC Chairman saw an opportunity to vindicate his solitary judgment.

All discussion of the incident is taboo at the State Department today, and Strauss's hand does not



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appear openly anywhere. But it is generally accepted that Strauss was responsible for a violent security investigation of diplomatic channels between Oslo and Washington. The fulminations turned up evidence that the State Department had known of the Communist professor, had investigated him, and had dismissed him as a harmless, talkative old man who never actually did anything in support of the Moscow line and always conducted his isotope experiments in the open classroom with his pupils about him. The innocence or guilt of the professor was not Strauss's concern. The crucial point to him was that the professor's existence had been known and had not been reported to the AEC.

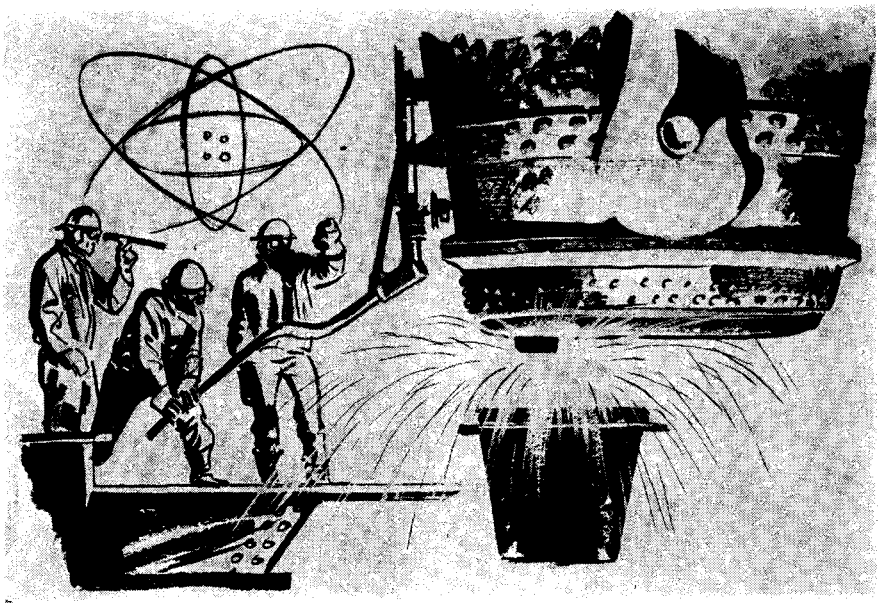
In the shake-up that followed, the ablest atomic student in the State Department, R. Gordon Arneson—one of those who had been unable to accept Strauss's interpretation of the law on isotopes—was removed as Special Assistant to the Secretary of State on Atomic Energy Affairs, and exiled to an observer's post at the Imperial Defence College in London. To Arneson's old desk came Gerard Smith of the AEC, who is said to be an amiable fellow but who shuns all contact with reporters. For practical purposes, his office has become a branch of Strauss's office, and requests for clarification of foreign policy on the atom are frankly referred back to the AEC.

### Breakfast at the Waldorf

Only a few weeks after this practical demonstration of the vigor of Strauss's vigilance on the foreign front, during the summer of 1953, he received the memo from President Eisenhower in Denver. The memo proposed what amounted to an international bank of atoms for peace. Of course such a bank would necessarily lend or sell uranium. Now if isotopes were dangerous "information" that should not be permitted to fall into alien hands, in what category was uranium?

Uranium is fissionable material. The Atomic Energy Act of 1946 made it quite clear that "The [Atomic Energy] Commission shall not (1) distribute any fissionable material to . . . any foreign government . . ."

Since Strauss does not admit that he ever received Eisenhower's memo,



it is hardly reasonable to expect him to reveal the contents of his reply. But he did reply, and, from what Hagerty tells me, the reply must have been to this effect:

"The law is very strict about this sort of thing. I doubt if we can do much without consulting Congress. But I'll see."

Then Strauss passed on the gist of the President's message to Jackson, who would have to decide how, when, and where the atom bank would be announced if the plan proved feasible.

The Denver memo conveyed no sense of urgency. But the President soon removed any doubt about his desire for speed. On August 19 he flew east to take part in the celebration of Bernard Baruch's birthday in New York City and to register for the elections. He sent word ahead that he would expect to see Strauss and Jackson at the Waldorf. The AEC Chairman and the psychological warfare chief traveled to New York from Washington separately. They met in the anteroom of Eisenhower's suite, and breakfasted with him.

The big item Strauss remembers having on his mind that day was the secret news that the Russians had just exploded another nuclear bomb. The scientific monitoring network that Strauss had originated years earlier detected the blast, and he wanted the President's permission to announce the event. Strauss sought this endorsement in his capacity as the President's personal atomic adviser. Eisenhower's answer was "O.K."—with the implicit understanding that the announcement would be made in Strauss's other capacity as AEC Chairman. In that second role, Strauss could act only with AEC approval. He got it, but before the AEC could get out a statement for publication, the Russians announced the explosion themselves on August 20.

THE BIG ITEM on Jackson's mind that morning at the Waldorf was the President's atom-bank proposal. He presented a set of four specifications the bank announcement should meet:

¶ Universal reasonableness.

¶ No loss of face for anyone through reversal of previously taken positions.

¶ Initial contributions of uranium small enough to make it possible for everyone to contribute freely without fearing crippling depletion of A-bomb stockpiles.

¶ Phrasing of such a nature that people everywhere could readily see this as only a first step.

Eisenhower approved these four points before leaving the breakfast table. Strauss, of course, was in on the talk. Hagerty was there, too, and he and Jackson discussed a possible forum for the atom-bank announcement without reaching any conclusion. Before flying back to Denver, the President said, "Let's keep this thing rolling now!"

It was apparent from his demeanor



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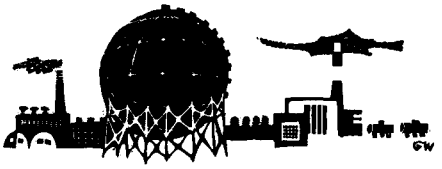
that the President expected the help of Congress in changing the law that barred his path. Two days after the Baruch birthday observance in August, 1953, he received a letter that he had every reason to understand as corroboration of his confidence. The communication came from the Chairman of the Joint Committee on



Atomic Energy, Representative W. Sterling Cole of New York.

The Chairman normally spoke for a majority of the Committee, and the Committee's judgments were rarely questioned by Congress. Cole's letter, therefore, read like an advance guarantee. In it, he urged construction "as quickly as possible" of an atomic furnace "turning out large amounts of useful power, and then aid [to] our allies in the construction of similar machines. . . " The letter expressed hope that Eisenhower would "seize every opportunity to assure the world that we stand ready to share the benefits of peacetime atomic energy with decent people everywhere." Cole also stated that such legislation was being drafted for introduction at the next session.

Other members of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy have said that they knew nothing about the atoms-for-peace proposal. Not even the full membership of the AEC had been informed. Commissioner Thomas E. Murray's curiosity was aroused by a rumor, but he was told that all the President had in mind was a program to drive home to the public the facts of life in the H-bomb era—not a new atomic policy. For Washington, the degree of secrecy maintained was remarkable. Dozens of drafts of the President's proposal were in circulation from August until November, 1953. But disclosure of the atom-bank idea was averted by the publicity given Jackson's cover phrase: Operation CANDOR.

### The Answer to 'Bang! Bang!'

Jackson wrote somewhere between twelve and fourteen "final" drafts before he could pin the State and Defense Departments down to words they would accept, and, as someone aptly put it, "encourage Strauss to pin himself down." A great deal of what Eisenhower wanted to say was eliminated in this process. What or why, no one is willing to divulge. There is a widespread conviction in Washington that during this period Strauss did his best to kill the bank concept or at least render it innocuous. Both Jackson and Hagerty deny this, using the same cryptic phrase: "Strauss only pointed out the objections."

In any event, the atoms-for-peace bank idea survived into November, and became the hopeful alternative to "Bang! BANG!" in what Jackson called "the first honest-to-God draft" of a state paper for the President's signature. All Strauss's objections had at last been met or outvoted. It was now high time to decide when and where that state paper would be delivered.

From the very beginning the President had thought in terms of a domestic audience. The world would be looking over his shoulder, of course. The atoms-for-peace bank probably would have been suggested in a Republican equivalent of an F.D.R. "fireside chat" if it had not been for Winston Churchill.

As BRITAIN'S Prime Minister, Churchill that spring had urged a Big Four meeting "at the summit" to feel out the intentions of Stalin's successors. The United States was absolutely opposed to such a conference at that time. But we could not simply say "No" to Churchill. In a typical compromise, Eisenhower suggested that instead of meeting the Russians, he and Churchill should meet each other and the French Premier at Bermuda.

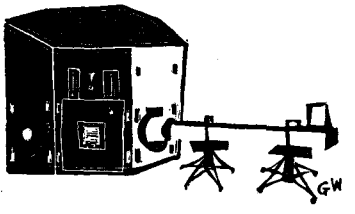
Set first for June, the Bermuda conference was postponed, because of a French Cabinet crisis, to July; and again, because of the stroke Churchill suffered that summer, to December. The latter delay turned out to be good timing for the President's purposes. The final meeting date preceded by only a few days the closing session of the U.N. General Assembly. Careful maneuvering would make it possible to meet Churchill, politely turn aside his "summit" plan, tell him about the atoms-for-peace bank, and then come back to New York and formally suggest the atom bank to the U.N. Assembly.

The tactic was quickly put into motion. Ike had received a standing invitation to the U.N. at the time of his inauguration. On the eve of Bermuda, the permanent United States representative at the U.N., Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., was instructed to advise U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold that the President would be pleased to honor a specific renewal of the standing welcome. At the same time, Churchill was informed that Eisenhower would like to include atomic matters on the agenda for Bermuda.

THE PRESIDENT took off for Bermuda with Dulles, Strauss, Jackson, and Hagerty—the U.N. invitation not yet confirmed. They took copies of the atom-bank message with them. At Bermuda the White House party found, as it had hoped, that the British Prime Minister was accompanied by his atomic adviser, Lord Cherwell.

The President did not intrude his big idea into the formal gatherings of the Bermuda delegations. But on the first day, after Lodge telephoned from New York to confirm Hammarskjold's invitation, the President told Churchill about it in private and authorized informal conversations among others who were present.

The French shrugged their shoulders. Whatever the President wanted to say was all right with them. Churchill felt differently. The tone



of the draft he read was too belligerent. It put too much stress on the horrors of H-bomb retaliation. It might heighten Allied fears of preventive war. It definitely would jeopardize any hopeful approach to "the summit."

To allay Churchill's qualms, the draft was referred to Cherwell and Strauss. Out of several meetings of



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the two atomic experts emerged an agreement in principle that Cherwell persuaded Churchill "not to oppose." Exactly what was involved probably will not be known until Strauss writes his memoirs. One source says, "Strauss made the atom bank possible right there." That, certainly, is an overstatement. Eisenhower had no intention of permitting the British or anyone else to dictate significant changes in a speech to be delivered by an American President. Strauss himself says he is unable to recall talking to Cherwell about anything other than the possibility of a world conclave of scientists interested in atoms for peace.

THE GRATUITOUS emphasis that Strauss—a banker by profession—threw on atomic science at just the moment when everyone else was thinking about atomic banking would seem to indicate how the AEC Chairman really felt. It was not a simple matter of the law's prohibiting a bank; it was Strauss's philosophical concurrence with the law.

Even in discussing science in those days, Strauss dealt only in broad and general terms, stopping short of technology. In 1953 he was still following the line laid down in 1945 by the Manhattan District to govern declassification of atomic information: basic science first, technology later.

What almost everyone else but Strauss wanted in 1953 was technology—the finished article, atomic furnaces that could produce power immediately. The British not only recognized the universal demand but saw a tremendous commercial market in it. Cherwell's personal reaction is plain from a letter the Englishman wrote after a quite different scientific atoms-for-peace conference was held in Geneva last August. Recalling that at Bermuda he hadn't expected Strauss's original conference idea to contribute much to a breakthrough toward peace, Cherwell added, "I don't think you [Strauss] did, either."

The sudden, inconclusive end of the Bermuda talks in December, 1953, is reported to have left Churchill weeping in frustration. When newsmen left the island by plane their thoughts were far from "the summit." All were speculating on President Eisenhower's purpose in flying so dramatically back to address the United Nations that same afternoon.

### Speechwriters in the Sky

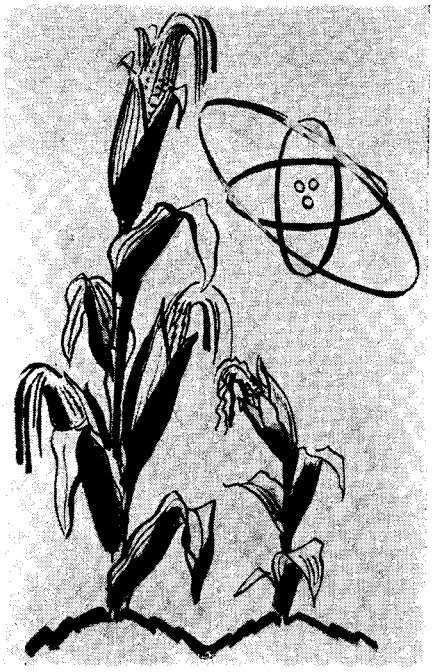
Before the President's plane, the *Columbine,* took off for New York, Dulles cabled a code message to U.S. Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen in Moscow. At least a month earlier, it had been agreed that Bohlen was to get a full copy of the atom message for advance presentation to the Kremlin. As Lodge explained later to the United Nations, "The President wished to take every precaution in order to ensure that the Soviet Union government would take this proposal at its serious, sincere, long-term, face value, and not interpret it as a short-term propaganda trick."

Now that the time had come, the full copy of the message was not available. Final revisions were yet to be made. But the Dulles cable told Bohlen to advise Moscow to listen to the President's words and accept them as a major policy pronouncement.

WITH ONLY four hours left before Eisenhower was due to appear before the U.N. Assembly, no one was certain how much work remained to be done on the message he had to deliver immediately upon his arrival. Foolproof preparations had to be made. The responsibility fell on Hagerty.

Fortunately, in setting up the Bermuda press facilities months before, Hagerty had included a hand-operated Mimeograph. Before the flight north began on December 8, this machine was hoisted into the back corner of the President's compartment on the *Columbine.* Just forward of the President's compartment three secretaries were packed in with two electric typewriters. One of the typewriters was to cut Mimeograph stencils. The other was "jumbo," a large type face the President finds easy to read when making a speech.

Between the typewriters and the Mimeograph, at the front of the President's compartment, were two tables surrounded by swivel chairs. At one of these sat the President with Dulles, Strauss, and Jackson,



all working furiously on the last draft of the manuscript. Jackson wrote, Dulles edited, Strauss objected, Eisenhower chose the word that sounded the best to him. Page by page, the copy passed to Hagerty. And Hagerty, after reading the insertions and deletions from a newspaperman's point of view, passed the copy page by page to Marie McCrum, who took it forward to Mary Jane McCaffery at the stencil-cutting typewriter.

As Mary finished typing a page, she passed it across the aisle to Ann Whitman at the jumbo typewriter. While Hagerty walked back to the President's table for the next page, Marie copyread the stencil of the last page and handed it to Army Staff Sergeant Joseph Giordano, who was busily cranking the duplicating machine.

THE FINISHED DOCUMENT filled nine stencils. Giordano ran off five hundred copies of each of them during the three-and-a-half-hour flight. There wasn't a quiet spot on that plane all the way from Bermuda to New York. Hagerty, going in one direction, would pass the Secret Service guards going the other way, lugging the copies from the whirling duplicator to the *Columbine's* front compartment behind the pilot's cabin, there to be stacked in proper order on two long tables.

The *Columbine* arrived over New



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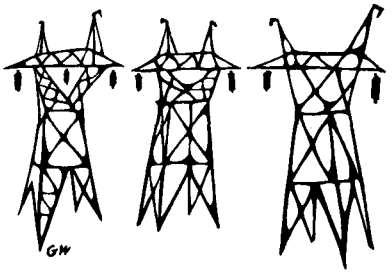
York with the assembly line inside it still running full tilt. The pilot had to circle for fifteen minutes and then taxi slowly on the runway after he landed so that the job could be finished. Even as the plane was rolling to a stop, the President underlined on his jumbo copy the words he wanted to emphasize. As



he jabbed his pencil here and there, the Secretary of State, the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and two Special Assistants to the President collated and stapled together 350 nine-page sets of the Mimeographed copies for distribution to the press at the airport. The ink was still wet on the paper when the 150 remaining copies, not yet collated or stapled, were bundled with the wet stencils into a waiting limousine —summoned from aloft by Hagerty on the *Columbine's* telephone—to be raced over back streets into Manhattan while the President followed a motorcycle escort along the parkways, sirens screaming.

Reporters at the U.N. got the text just ten minutes before the President rose to speak. They still had plenty of time to catch up with the story, which did not really become clear until the final third of the address.

### The Speech

The first two-thirds of the message were devoted to the original purpose of Operation CANDOR, "thoughts I had originally planned to say primarily to the American people." Atomic bombs were twenty-five times as powerful now as in 1945; hydrogen bombs exploded with a force equivalent to millions of tons of TNT; one air group could deliver destruction equal to that of all the bombs dropped on Britain during the Second World War; atomic weapons now came in enough variety and sizes to be considered conventional. It was made clear that no one nation had an atomic monopoly any more: "even a vast superiority in numbers of weapons, and a consequent capability of devastating retaliation, is no preventive, of itself, against the fearful material damage and toll of human lives that would be inflicted by surprise aggression . . ."

The President almost backed into his revolutionary proposal, so slow and deliberate was his approach. ". . . to help us move out of the dark chamber of horrors into the light," he cautioned, "we must not lack patience. . . . many steps will have to be taken over many months before the world can look at itself one day and truly realize that a new climate of mutually peaceful confidence is abroad. . . ."

But "the gravity of the time is such that every new avenue of peace, no matter how dimly discernible, should be explored. . . . There is . . . one new avenue . . . not yet explored." Reference was made to a resolution suggested by the U.N. Disarmament Commission only in the previous month of November, calling for private talks of the powers "principally involved." "The United States . . . is instantly prepared to meet. . . . to hasten the day when fear of the atom will begin to disappear from the minds of people . . .

"I therefore make the following proposals:

"The governments principally involved, to the extent permitted by elementary prudence, to begin now and continue to make joint contributions from their stockpiles of normal uranium and fissionable materials to an international atomic energy agency. We would expect that such an agency would be set up under the aegis of the United Nations."

THIS was clearly not the announcement of a *fait accompli*. It was merely a suggestion. Details were left to be determined in "the private conversations." Eisenhower promised nothing but "explorations in good faith." He emphasized "undoubtedly" that "initial and early contributions . . . would be small in quantity," that the Soviet Union must, of course, be one of the governments "principally involved," and that "every expectation of approval" was all the President of the United States could offer on his own authority—naturally he would have to "submit [the proposal] to the Congress of the United States."

But the long string of careful qualifications vanished from the delegates' minds when they heard the President's bold declaration that "peaceful power from atomic energy is no dream of the future [but] . . . is here—now—today." The "ifs" and "buts" were forgotten in the organ swell of lofty purposes behind the President's proposed atoms-for-peace agency:

". . . to devise methods whereby this fissionable material would be allocated to . . . peaceful pursuits . . .

". . . to provide abundant electrical energy in the power-starved areas of the world . . .

". . . to serve the needs rather than the fears of mankind."

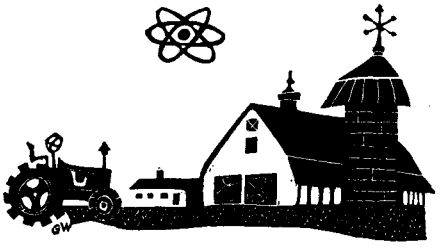
ALREADY the effect was electric, but the President soared on to a thrilling finale:

"The United States pledges before you—and therefore before the world —its determination . . . to devote its entire heart and mind to find the way by which the miraculous inventiveness of man shall not be dedicated to his death, but consecrated to his life."

There were tears in the President's eyes when he sat down. Even the Russian delegates so far forgot themselves as to join in the thunder of applause.

### The Repercussions

U.S. Delegate Henry Cabot Lodge drove the President to the airport



after the ceremonies were over. When he got home later that evening, he was astonished to receive a telephone call from a man who had never been notably friendly. Krishna Menon, India's U.N. delegate, wanted to come over to Lodge's apartment for a talk. Lodge tried to excuse himself, saying



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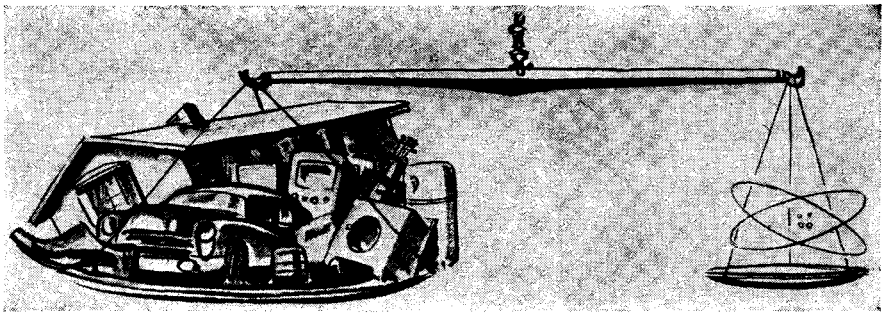
that it was late and he was very tired. Menon persisted. Lodge finally agreed. The Indian came and went on enthusiastically about Eisenhower's proposal for several hours, leaving his unwilling host not only completely exhausted but somewhat confused.

Hadn't Menon heard the whole speech? Had he missed the President's reference to Congress, which had to approve the proposal? Was he overlooking Eisenhower's proviso that the Russians had to join up before any atoms could be put into the bank?

That next week, in Washington, Strauss was similarly nonplused by an encounter with Canadian Ambassador Arnold D. Heeney. Around the globe, heads of U.S. missions were also queried by other governments, and they in turn queried the regional desks in the State Department: "What are we going to do about this?"

A long and puzzling silence followed. In February, 1954, the President—responding to political pressure from Republican businessmen who hoped to share in private development of the peaceful atom—submitted to Congress proposals for amending the Atomic Energy Act. He limited himself to the purposes endorsed the year before by the National Security Council: encouragement of private industry and help to our Allies. He specifically asked that "consideration of additional legislation which may be needed to implement . . . that proposal [to the General Assembly of the United Nations last December] . . . should await the development of areas of agreement . . . with other nations."

The impression grew, as time passed and the silence lengthened, that Eisenhower, tricked by his advisers into making a propaganda speech, had been caught flat-footed by the clamorous response of a hopeful world. A private organization was even proposed to carry out the President's idea if the government couldn't follow through with it. By April, Strauss felt impelled to acknowledge publicly "an impression . . . that nothing is going on and that the [atom-bank] proposal is dormant."



"This," he declared, "is not the case. The President's idea has been formulated into a concrete plan. . . . private conversations have ensued."

### Waiting for Moscow

Not until September, 1954, when the U.N. was again in session, did the people find out about what had happened:

The President had begun by accepting realistically the fact that the atom bank as he had conceived it—an institution that would progressively draw uranium away from armaments everywhere and put the explosive material to peaceful uses—could only exist with Russian cooperation. So he not only insisted on including the Soviets in the discussions; he actually restricted the opening talks to them alone. How far he had gone was later revealed at the U.N. by Lodge:

"After the speech was made, and awaiting an initiative from the Soviet Union to hold private conversations, all individuals and agencies of the United States government were instructed to remain silent as to the details of the proposal and to confine themselves, if the need for explanation arose, to a simple reiteration of the President's own text and the statement that we were awaiting word from the Soviet Union."

The Russians had good reason to welcome the delay caused by Eisenhower's courtesy. Within six months they would be ready to announce the beginning of full-time operation of the world's first atomic furnace exclusively devoted to generation of peaceful atomic power. That physical reality, they calculated, would be far stronger propaganda in the power-starved regions of the world than any amount of talk about peaceful atoms. Moscow accordingly dragged out the conversations by resorting to long periods of silence interspersed occasionally with sudden bursts of double talk.

In March, 1954, the President tried to end the haggling by offering a detailed American plan for an atom bank, with an autonomous directorate reporting to the U.N. General Assembly and the Security Council. The bank would maintain its own facilities for storing and distributing uranium, disseminate information, enforce health and safety regulations, and operate its own laboratories, technical schools, and plants for the fabrication and processing of atomic fuel.

This plan the Russian rejected as a "further intensification" of the arms race, arguing that any atomic furnace capable of producing power could also produce the raw material used in bombs. "It is not enough to divert uranium from future A-bombs," the Kremlin argument ran. "You first must scrap all the A-bombs you have now."

### A Few Bricker-bats

While the Communists maneuvered to avoid the honest understanding sought by the President, the isolationist bloc of the Republican Party in Congress did its bit to nullify any agreement that Eisenhower might succeed in reaching.

Instead of postponing action until a specific atom-bank agreement was ready for approval, as the White House message of February had requested, Republican Senators John Bricker of Ohio and Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa, partisans of Strauss in his battle against isotope exports years before, injected their personal prejudices into the new Atomic Energy Act. As members of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, they were able to swing that strategic group away from the sympathy Rep-



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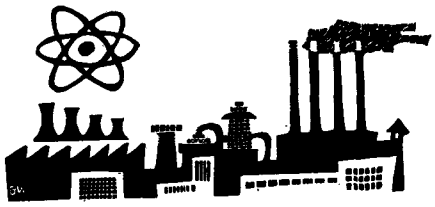
resentative Cole had expressed toward the President's objective in his letter of August 21, 1953.

"We can all agree, I think, as to the general desirability of an international atomic-energy pool in a world at peace," Bricker declaimed on the Senate floor. "Personally, however, I have grave doubts that it is



possible to create such a pool in the present international climate without endangering the security of the United States. . . . In my judgment, it would be the height of folly for the Congress to authorize the President to transfer special nuclear material and secret atomic-energy information to the United Nations, or to any of its specialized agencies, or to any group of nations."

". . . We limit it [Congressional approval] to bilateral agreements with one nation. . . ," Hickenlooper added, and Bricker agreed: "I do see the need for making agreements for cooperation with Great Britain, with Canada, and several other countries that have in the past made significant contributions to our atomic-energy program."

Eisenhower's predecessors in the Presidency had successfully fought invasions of Executive prerogative such as were written into the Atomic Energy Act of 1954. The new law, drafted in recognition of the peaceful atom's emergence as a force in world politics, anachronistically required that any atomic agreement negotiated with another country must lie before a sitting Congress for thirty days before taking legal effect. "I urged the President to accept it," Strauss has said.

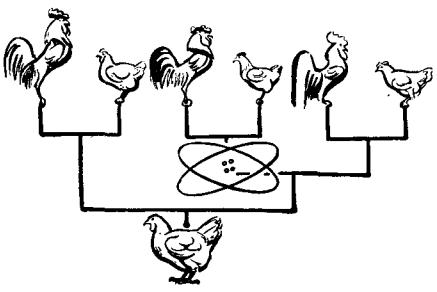
"THE TRIMMERS have been at work," stormed Senator John Pastore (D., Rhode Island), in a losing fight to give the President a free hand in the atomic negotiations. "The fearmongers have taken over. . . . Too many can see only the things that might go wrong . . . we are afraid of our own strength.

"And where have the spokesmen and advisers of American foreign policy been all these months? What have they done to keep this idea alive? The Voice of America gave . . . a big buildup at first, but . . . the idea is now mentioned always in the past tense. Its ultimate death seems to be as much aided by Americans as it is sought and worked for by the Kremlin."

Pastore was right. The President's atom-bank idea was almost dead when it reached the 1954 U.N. Assembly. The President did his best to save it by announcing, on Labor Day, 1954, that he would go ahead without the Russians if necessary. That was two months after the Soviets had started generating the world's first round-the-clock flow of electric power from an atomic furnace not otherwise devoted to any military purpose. When Moscow heard of Eisenhower's decision, it promptly did an about-face. Maybe an atom bank wasn't entirely unacceptable after all. Would the United States agree to publish the diplomatic notes that had been exchanged on the question since January?

PUBLICATION of these documents exposed, as the Kremlin intended it should, the retreat the Republicans had made from the President's original generosity. In place of the autonomous, businesslike bank that Washington had offered to support in March, what was now being proposed, as the British described it, was more like a brokerage house, with no operating facilities, empowered only to arrange and approve direct bilateral dealings between the world's uranium "haves" and "have-nots."

To present some semblance of action in fulfillment of the ideals the President had expressed a year earlier, the State Department reported to the U.N. that a charter for the



atomic brokerage house was being drawn up with the help of the other "haves"—Britain, France, Canada, Belgium, South Africa, Australia, and Portugal. After the charter was ratified, Secretary Dulles explained, its framers would recommend an appropriate relationship between the atomic institution and the U.N.

### Romulo's Challenge

The U.N. delegates who heard this report were still fired by the hope Eisenhower had raised in 1953, still enthusiastic enough to fight to keep it alive. Sweden questioned "whether it is advisable to present this agency to us as an accomplished fact . . . with the question of its link with the United Nations being left for a future stage." Yugoslavia felt "it would be appropriate to enable the member states of the United Nations which are not now participating in the present phase of the talks to make a constructive contribution. . ."

Pakistan expressed "anxiety that representation should be provided for the underdeveloped countries." Israel urged "a role for the United Nations itself, beyond the limits of research and scientific interchange." Norway called for "a radically new and more adequate arrangement" to match the total newness of the Atomic Age.

"I am afraid that a modest program will not be able to sustain the universal enthusiasm and optimism that President Eisenhower's proposal has justly aroused," the Nationalist Chinese delegate chided. Liberia hoped "that we shall not continue to be the orphan child to be fed the crumbs from the table."

FINALLY there rose a man whose country owes its independence to the liberality of the American spirit, Carlos Romulo of the Philippines. "It may very well be that domestic laws require some nations to carry on atomic co-operation on a bilateral basis at this moment," he said. "But laws can be changed. . . .

"I believe that we should launch the United Nations on its own co-operative atomic . . . project, inviting . . . every country able to provide even a token contribution. . . .

"The Soviet Union and the United States, which have been setting off so many atomic weapons, should be



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willing to contribute . . . say, 220 pounds of fissionable material, which was the maximum size the first scientific report of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission estimated as possibly needed for a single bomb."

Romulo's challenge rang particularly shrill in the ears of one of his hearers. C. D. Jackson, who had spent months writing inspired phrases for the Eisenhower message of a year before, had left the White House staff in April a frustrated man and was now being further frustrated as a U.N. delegate.

"Give us some uranium," Jackson pleaded to Washington. "Give us some stuff that we can put out here on the table."

But Washington was silent.

### A Call from Washington

At three o'clock on the afternoon of November 15, 1954, the American delegation had its last chance to save the President's great dream. Lodge was already in his chair, and the Norwegian scheduled to precede him on the floor was beginning to speak when the telephone rang in the Delegates' Lounge.

The call was for Jackson. Washington was on the line. If the message was what Jackson hoped for, it couldn't be taken there within public earshot. He raced upstairs to Lodge's private office. Strauss's voice came on the phone and said cryptically, "You've got it!"

Jackson grabbed a pencil and a piece of paper. Feverishly he wrote two paragraphs and read them to Strauss. Strauss proposed some changes. Jackson made the revisions and read the two paragraphs again. Strauss approved and hung up.

Downstairs, the Norwegian was concluding his remarks when Jackson burst into the committee room. Out of breath, the publisher leaned down to whisper in Lodge's ear and slip the paper with the news from Strauss under the last page of Lodge's notes. Lodge nodded and got up to speak. At the end of his argument, he picked up the paper and read:

"I have just been authorized by the President of the United States to state to this committee that the Atomic Energy Commission has allocated one hundred kilograms of fissionable material . . ."

One hundred kilograms was 220 pounds, the very amount Romulo had asked for as a beginning.

A MAN SITTING within three feet of Russia's Andrei Vishinsky was fascinated by the Russian's reaction. "All through Lodge's speech," this observer recalls, "Vishinsky had been, as usual, scribbling notes for his rebuttal. When Lodge unexpectedly mentioned the hundred kilograms of uranium, there was absolute silence in the hall. Vishinsky looked up, shrugged his shoulders, reached for his briefcase, threw in his notes, put the briefcase down, and sat back in his chair. He had had it."

Vishinsky need not have been so discouraged. The hundred kilograms of uranium had not been allocated to the atoms-for-peace agency. It was designated for research only, and was to be disbursed under strictly bilateral agreements. There was still no fuel for the atomic power that Eisenhower had promised was "here—now."

Only an optimist could have believed, as Senator Pastore proclaimed, that "despite all the chipping away . . . that has been done . . . by both the Kremlin and the ill-advised counselors here at home, that [great] idea still stands."

### Patterson and Rockefeller

Once again, however, Senator Pastore proved right. Eisenhower, refusing to be defeated, enlisted two new recruits—Morehead Patterson and Nelson Rockefeller—in the atoms-for-peace crusade. "Get this thing off dead center," he charged them, "and keep it off!"

Patterson, a shrewd New York industrialist who had served as Deputy U.S. Representative on the U.N. Disarmament Commission, acquired a new title: U.S. Representative for International Atomic Energy Negotiations. A husky, confident extrovert, he began the job by facing the facts, an attitude that was in itself a novelty.

"There is no possible way to prevent peaceful atoms from being perverted to warlike purposes if someone wants war badly enough," he told his aides. "But if we are going to live in the atomic age, we have to take the risks that are normal to that age.

Someone who has atoms must give the first atom. If we don't do it, somebody else will. We may as well take the risk of being first in order to escape the danger of being last."

The statute for the atomic brokerage house, Patterson decided, could stand against the battering of the years only if it were as broad and all-inclusive as the charter of a Delaware corporation. He worked on this document exclusively from the day of his appointment in November, 1954, until March, 1955. "In March," he says, "I suddenly woke up."

WHAT he woke up to was the fact that world faith in Eisenhower's good intentions was again being allowed to die of inattention. Everything else had been put to one side awaiting organization of the brokerage house, which would be months in process. Not even the narrow bilateral negotiations permitted by the Republican isolationists were being pushed. Congress would adjourn in June. Since under the law all atomic agreements had to lie before a Congress then in session for thirty days before taking legal effect, someone had to act fast if the whole program were not to be put off for still another long period.

Patterson called the situation to the attention of Gerard Smith, the AEC man Strauss had put into the State Department to replace Gordon



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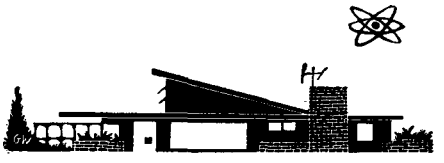
Arneson. Smith threw up his hands. His meager staff was made up of AEC men with no diplomatic experience and diplomats with no knowledge of the atom. Would Patterson be so kind as to do the negotiating?

Patterson would, and did—at record-smashing speed. The method he worked out with an AEC lawyer was almost childish in its simplicity: a treaty drawn like a form letter, with blank spaces to be filled in here and there. Twenty-four copies of it were signed by as many countries in three months.

Strauss resented Patterson's activity. He said the Special Ambassador had no business intervening in the bilateral negotiations. Over on Capitol Hill, however, the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy was having some second thoughts about the limitations Congress had placed on the President's atomic bargaining power. "Pretty soon even Bricker won't believe in the Bricker amendment," one committeeman said by way of suggesting the extent of the shift in attitude. Summoning Patterson before it, the powerful legislative group showered him with praise.

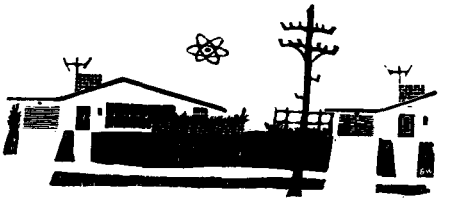
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER apparently shared the Joint Committee's preference for Patterson's free-swinging approach. At any rate, Nelson Rockefeller, the second man chosen to expedite the atoms-for-peace program in 1954, had that same cast of mind and temperament.

Rockefeller moved over from a post as Under Secretary of Health,



Education, and Welfare to fill Jackson's vacant place at the White House. Having knocked around in the government under both Democratic and Republican Presidents, he had more practice than his predecessor in avoiding the petty political traps inside great issues. Taking his time and checking all disputable points carefully, old John D.'s grandson did not resume the push toward the President's objective until June, 1955. But when the push began, it moved on all fronts simultaneously.

Immediate and practical meaning was given to the bilateral agreements



Patterson had negotiated. All friendly nations whose atomic technology was weak were offered not only uranium for research (and the hundred kilograms announced for that purpose at the U.N. was doubled) but also half the cost of research atomic furnaces in which to use the fuel.

Regional research and training centers as well as research furnaces were offered to countries with special power problems, such as the members of the Colombo Plan in Asia.

Countries able and willing to pay for their own atomic power were offered full opportunity to buy furnaces and technical advice, including classified information where necessary.

### Strauss Gives a Party

By this time, the Eisenhower spirit dominated the Washington scene so unmistakably that it swept up Strauss before he knew what was happening.

It will be remembered that at the Bermuda conference in December, 1953, the AEC Chairman had talked to Lord Cherwell about a world conference of atomic scientists. Why Strauss wanted the kind of meeting he did has never been explained. Similar conferences already had been held in Europe, and had exhausted the significant data in all but one field: atomic power. Strauss was opposed to any open discussion of power. That left nothing new for the scientists to talk about and nothing to be done beyond pompous posturing.

At first Strauss planned to hold this distinguished congress in Washington, where he personally could sit on the lid of confidential data. To prevent the insinuation of political questions at any level, he thought in terms of private sponsorship, and went as far as to ask the Ford Foundation if it would pick up the check.

The Foundation declined to front for the project. Then Strauss discovered that the McCarran Immigration Act would not permit entry into this country of many Communist scientists who would necessarily have to be among the guests at any truly international gathering. So it would have to be held somewhere else. One of the purposes of his discussion with Lord Cherwell at Bermuda was to obtain British consent to hold the meeting on an island fairly near the United States, preferably Jamaica.

NOT BECAUSE he had changed his 1949 opinion about the elusiveness of international relationships but rather because he could not accomplish his purpose within the confines of the United States, Strauss finally asked the 1954 U.N. General Assembly to issue invitations for a science conference at Geneva in August, 1955.

The U.N. issued the invitations out of respect for the President, hoping that something would happen to dissipate Strauss's insistence on avoiding any talk about atomic power.

As Eisenhower's atomic adviser, Strauss might be able to command the attendance of American scientists. But unless power were on the agenda, the U.N. Secretariat knew, prospects of commanding the time of important foreign researchers were exceedingly dim.

STRAUSS, however, was not open to argument. To fortify himself, he committed the British also to oppose atomic-power talk at Geneva. The conference looked hopeless at the time the British concurrence in Strauss's view was transmitted through the Foreign Office. But diplomats who handled the matter were not aware that during their negotiations, the European Atomic Energy Society was presenting a letter to the U.N. expressing a vigorously opposing view. The letter was signed by the president of the Society, Sir John Cockcroft, the head of Britain's atomic-energy agency.



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Faces turned purple when the Foreign Office learned what Sir John had done. After composure was restored, however, there was common agreement that Cockcroft's opinion had to prevail. The British government simply could not be in the position of contradicting its own No. 1 atomic expert.

The turnabout faced Strauss with the ostensible choice of allowing atomic power to be discussed or of abandoning the conference. Actually, there was no choice. The conference had been Strauss's idea—all his—and abandonment of it would be unthinkable.

Once on the agenda, atomic power took over. So much information had been dammed up on that topic for ten years that the resulting flood turned Geneva into the greatest scientific irrigation project of modern times. Before it was finished, both the Russians and the Americans were adding new data to their papers right up to the moment of delivery and even afterward.

Instead of the hostility Strauss had feared, the competition generated a friendliness that had been unknown between East and West since wartime days. At one point, an American defended the integrity of Soviet research; at another, a Russian chemist pleaded for more recognition for chemists—all chemists in all countries—as opposed to physicists, all physicists everywhere in the world.

"I wonder whether Lewis would have started it if he could have foreseen how it would end," a man close to Strauss mused afterward. "If he had known that we would come out of it holding hands with the Russians, I think he would have been aghast!"

However the AEC Chairman may have felt about it, he left Geneva an international figure. It was his conference, no matter how far it diverged from his original ideas, and he stayed with it even after it was no longer recognizable to him. Lewis Strauss came home a changed man.

"Lewis had not always done everything he could for atoms for peace," a high government official reported after Geneva. "But he's with us now all the way."

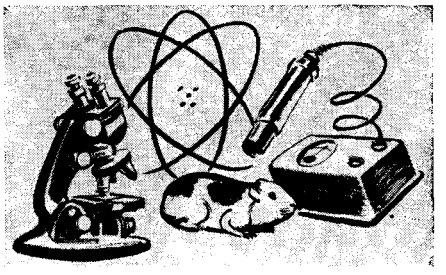
**The Mark of Geneva**

Anyone who tries to talk to Strauss about export of isotopes today is whisked away from the subject with a pleasant "Oh, that's ancient history." In an almost absent-minded way, he refers in passing to the outstandingly famous episode of his pre-Geneva life: his triumphant battle, in company with Gordon Dean, for the H-bomb. The rest of his conversation is occupied with peace. One of his aides expressed what a listener to Strauss's conversation is bound to feel: "Strauss passionately desires to be remembered as a peaceful man."

The past is not entirely forgiven. One person wholeheartedly devoted to a truly international atom told me, "When I see Strauss parading as the great advocate of atoms for peace, I am reminded of the small boy who is carried to the bathtub screaming and then comes out boasting how clean he is."

When the U.N. delegates gathered for the General Assembly in 1955, the mark of Geneva was upon them. The charter that Patterson had drafted for the atomic brokerage house was examined in a new light. From the Geneva discussions it was clear that atomic power alone was no panacea for the ills of underdeveloped nations. Atomic power can be a tremendous boon, but it can be used only as part of a broad plan of industrial and agricultural development. Many years must be spent in effecting it.

The first great market for atomic



power, then, is not the poorer lands but Britain and western Europe, where power from older fuels is already falling short of existing needs. Many of the nations which make up that market prefer to take the technical data made available at Geneva and deal directly with the United States or whoever else will supply them with atomic fuel. Why should they risk involvement with a board of directors who might have competitive reasons of their own for holding up this or that atomic project?

In the long U.N. debates of 1955, the smaller powers—the underdeveloped ones that must plan development far in advance—spoke up again for an atom bank like the one Eisenhower first proposed. They wanted this institution tied closely to the U.N. from the start so that they might not later become the victims of a new form of colonialism, a form in which we would give them uranium for power only with a bilateral commitment to give us back the plutonium, a by-product, to make bombs for us.

Thanks largely to President Eisenhower's continuing initiative, expressed, in the finest American tradition, through Democratic Senator Pastore, the legitimate aspirations of the "have-nots" were finally recognized. The United States, represented in the debate by delegate Pastore, agreed to submit the charter of the atomic brokerage house to a special convention of U.N. members.

As preparations proceed for that historic meeting in 1956, there are indications that the U.S. draft of a charter may, after all, provide for a true atom bank with practical working facilities of its own. There are signs, too, given to NATO by Secretary of State Dulles on his latest trip to Europe, that the President will ask Congress for specific approval for sharing information that could make the peaceful atom an even more decisive force than he had originally contemplated—the binding element of a united Europe.

If any or all of this is to come about, someone is going to have to see to it that, in the President's own words, the program gets off dead center and stays off.

The two atomic expediters who served him best—Morehead Patterson and Nelson Rockefeller—have left the government.

Will Lewis Strauss pick up the challenge?

Or will Eisenhower remain merely within sight of the objective of what has been his greatest crusade as President?



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# *Opening a Window In the Smoke-Filled Room*

BARBARA WENDELL KERR

THE 1952 ELECTION did far more than change the political party in power. It shook up a lot of thinking about voters, especially women. "They came out to vote in greater numbers than ever before," wrote Louis Harris, Elmo Roper's associate, in *Is There a Republican Majority?* "They voted differently than ever before. They reacted to different issues in different ways from their male counterparts. They became a political entity, significant in their own right, probably for the first time since they had been delivered from political bondage."

Women have been slow to use their suffrage. In both the 1940 and 1952 elections only about fifty-nine per cent of the eligible electorate voted. In 1940 the figures were sixty-eight per cent of the eligible men and forty-nine per cent of the eligible women. In 1952 only sixty-three per cent of the eligible men voted, a decrease of five percentage points, whereas fifty-five per cent of the eligible women voted, an increase of six percentage points.

More of the men had voted Democratic between 1932 and 1952, and so had more women. In 1952, the women revolted not only against the Democrats but against their men. What was the revolt about? Issues, or, more precisely, the way certain issues struck women. Women (3-2) thought the Republicans could do more to keep prices down than the Democrats, and (4-3) that the Republicans would do more for their economic security. (Men thought 8-7 the other way.)

As for Korea, Harris says, ". . . women were among the real prime movers in making the Korean War a major and decisive influence in the final outcome of the election."

Almost sixty per cent of the women who voted in November, 1952, thought they had more confidence in Eisenhower than in Stevenson.

In sum, the ladies believed it was time for a change, and the Republicans were more successful in putting across that notion than the Democrats were in denying it.

The Republicans very cagily moved into labor circles on the assumption that labor wives would like to join the white-collar class. Harris says the white-collar group tends to vote solidly Republican, "because they feel an identity of interest on a social and economic basis." The Republicans appealed successfully to the white-collar instincts of labor wives. They appealed to them as women, not as wives of workingmen.

## Ballot Box and Bread Box

Organized labor sees the point and is trying to shepherd women back into the labor fold. Under the general guidance of Esther Murray, director of Women's Activities, the CIO has started a "family-participation" program, believing that women are apt to follow the lead of the group with which they are most closely associated.

Each CIO state and city council and local union has been asked to appoint to its Political Action Committee a woman co-ordinator assigned to organize a subcommittee of women. This committee is to make suggestions to the local PAC as to how to reach the entire families of CIO members and then help carry out PAC directives. By January, 1954, enough women had joined the ranks to hold a national family-participation conference in Washington.

Since then, thirty-two community conferences have taken place, out of which have come other women's subcommittees. These groups are striving "to correlate the ballot box and the bread box" for labor wives and women plant workers. They also get down to the "how-to-do-it" level: how to put on a telephone campaign and do other election chores. The family-participation program, which, incidentally, will be maintained under the new merger, will *not* operate as a women's division but as an integral part of the area PAC. The CIO doesn't fancy women's divisions.

## Slicing the Pie

In standard political lexicons, the woman voter is a creature to be courted, but the male reaction to a female political worker is one of hostile suspicion. Both parties endlessly knead the vexed questions: Should women be encouraged to run for office? Where do women fit into the regular party hierarchy? Where do volunteers fit into the party machine?

In politics the incentive to exclude them has been enormous. Women cut the patronage pie in half. Men —and in many cases women—simply don't believe that women have any competence as policymakers or planners or campaigners. One unusually frank Democratic leader said to a lady Congressional candidate, "I'll tell you why the boys don't like to have women around when a deal is on. They're too darned honest."

Granted, as it has been with reluctance, that women are here to stay politically, a women's division was the natural out: fairly equal but separate facilities. Both major parties have practiced that art and will continue to do so for generations.

It is a vicious circle. Isolated and dependent on the organization for money, women have achieved less—which has allowed the men to say that they were less effective. Men generally allow women to run in hopeless spots, though occasionally the women surprise them by making the grade. Old campaigners like India Edwards blame it on the women themselves. They *could* demand their rights and get them, but too often the women eschew political activity.

## 'Some Social Tone'

Almost from the beginning, the Republican Party has given more recognition to women than the Demo-



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cratic Party. It may have shunted them onto the same siding labeled "women's division," but the rerouting has been less obvious. The New York State Democratic organization has in the past been among the worst offenders. Until the advent of Carmine DeSapio, county leader for Manhattan, that pattern was typical of the whole state and especially of New York City.

The old New York City Tammany clubs were, in fact, men's clubs, impregnable refuges against the female. By contrast, the majority of New York Republicans, with their generally higher economic and social status, had no need to confuse their political and social organizations. The men had other places to huddle. Consequently, the Republicans have traditionally welcomed women into their regular organizations with more cordiality.

However, New York City Democratic women political workers are seeing the dawn of a new day. Several Tammany districts have been taken over by insurgents. The women co-leaders (in assembly districts) and co-captains (of election districts) are no longer figureheads. In 1955, DeSapio introduced the election of district leaders and co-leaders by direct ballot, so for the first time in its history the leaders of the local Democratic organization are chosen by the electorate and not by the club cliques. It isn't quite as different as it sounds, in that the people who get their names on the ballot are generally the leaders in the local Tammany clubs. Nonetheless, it does give insurgents a better break, and the Democratic electorate does have a chance to pick for itself. The Republicans, be it noted, had a chance to promote similar legislation and turned it down.

The new Democratic state chairman, Michael H. Prendergast, is an all-out convert to the idea of women in politics. As party chairman of suburban Rockland County, he developed a tight little unit in which the women were called upon not only to lick envelopes but pass on patronage. "If they helped to raise the money," he said, "they helped to spend it." During his tenure, he has toured forty-four of the state's counties, preaching the same gospel everywhere. "Get more women into your organization. The women make it respectable and give it some social tone.

"Women feel things more deeply than men. If an issue is close to them they stick with it all the way. They're tenacious. To tell you the truth, I sometimes depend more on my women than I do on the men." DeSapio has echoed this sentiment.

The new state vice-chairman, Mary Louise Nice, a schoolteacher from Buffalo, finds the air a little freer than did her predecessor, Angela Parisi. "The men are beginning

to realize that women are a great educational force," she says.

### The Albany Clinic

It is worthy of note that New York's Democratic Party offered 445 women as candidates in the 1955 elections. These were local candidates, to be sure, but this is a record—not only a New York record but a national record. Although only a handful of them made it, the impressive total represents New York party policy.

Last autumn saw another innovation in New York politics. The hubbub surrounding former President Truman's Albany sojourn completely eclipsed what might otherwise have been hailed as a unique political experiment: a giant "how-to-do-it" rally, conceived by DeSapio and Milton Stewart of Governor Harriman's staff, to put heart into the hundreds of local off-year candidates whose chances of election were slim and whose knowledge of political procedure was slimmer.

On October 7, 1955, two thousand Democratic candidates converged on Albany for an all-day program. The state chairman and vice-chairman turned out to welcome them; then the gathering broke up into fifteen smaller discussion groups, where candidates could confess their errors, boast of their triumphs, and share their perplexities. State governmental department heads toured each group, explaining the services performed by their departments.

The take-home prize was a three-hundred-page campaign kit covering every conceivable talking point, weighted with research, guidance, and advice ranging from a booklet called "The Key to Democratic Victory" to "New York State Business Facts," plus pamphlets on flood emergency, rent control, mental health, and innumerable other subjects. The willing but inexperienced candidate thus had at his disposal probably the most thorough compilation of the information necessary to his success that had ever been assembled anywhere.

This experiment was run for and by the regulars—those who are in politics as a career. The volunteers can be classed as those who seek no personal gain or advancement other than the satisfaction of an Administration of their choice. Some of them work all year round. The vast majority raise their heads about August or September of a major election year. Then it becomes fashionable to flood the local headquarters of their chosen candidate. Most of the regulars of both sexes back the notion of a volunteer headquarters for a Presidential or gubernatorial candidate simply because the large majority of women do not care for the taint of professional political machines.

### Democratic Workshop

It was to ensure some continuity that the New York County Democratic Women's Workshop came into being last fall. Realizing after the 1954 campaign that to many women some form of political indoctrination was a necessary prelude to party enrollment, a group of extraordinarily qualified younger women began to confer. Among them were:

*Marion K. Sanders,* a journalist in and out of government service, who made a try for Congress in 1952 against the firmly entrenched Katherine St. George in heavily Republican Rockland County, and who, since her defeat, has been working



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## ONE PICTURE . . .

### ERIC SEVAREID

The official propagandists of the Chinese Communist régime must be reminded, as they study the world press, of that ancient Chinese proverb: "One picture is worth ten thousand words." There was one picture in the press of the world recently that millions of readers will see and reflect upon. For the Chinese propagandists, it will take more than ten thousand words about their new People's Society to erase this picture from human memory.

It is a woman's face, the face of a gentle American woman from Pennsylvania named Mrs. Wilda Bradshaw. Her hair is snow white, her eyes dark pools of incomprehension, beyond pain or any conscious feeling. She is fifty-four years old and looks eighty. She and her husband have spent five years in Chinese Communist prisons. The Bradshaws hobbled across the Hong Kong line to freedom. The dispatches not long ago said, "Even border policemen, hardened by such sights, were moved." The dispatches went on to say, "Mrs. Bradshaw could not comprehend what was happening. She stared blankly. Her speech was incoherent. Her only apparent emotion was fear."

There was involved here an irony almost too bitter for words. The crime for which this couple were made to suffer by Chinese officialdom was, simply, love and charity for the Chinese people. They had dedicated their lives to alleviating the pain of the tragic Chinese. For twenty-seven years they had labored as medical missionaries; they have paid the penalty for compassion, inflicted by a philosophical system in which individual compassion is ruled out as a handicap to the "people's" progress. There are no persons under Communism in action; there is only the "people," incorporate, minus nerve ends. One day, the Communists always tell us, there will be room for persons, complete with nerve ends, but not today. It is never today, and tomorrow somehow never comes.

Mrs. Bradshaw's blank, white face no longer bears any recognizable sign, save the seal of Communism, and perhaps the seal of the Orient as well. What the proportions of the two may be, no one can tell for sure. The Chinese Reds did not invent official Chinese indifference to human life; several thousand years of teeming misery and official tyrannies in various forms, under various names, is the deeper reason.

No American who saw China before the Reds came in can have many illusions. He cannot forget the total official indifference to the famines and the floods; he cannot forget the sight of Chinese soldiers dying of sickness and starvation in the ditches as their officers dined in the nearest tea house.

But that was a kind of political anarchy, and anarchy has certain advantages over totalitarianism; there is room for everything in chaos, including human tolerance. Under the previous Chinese system — or what now seems in retrospect a kind of blessed lack of system — Christians like the Bradshaws *could* heal and feed and shelter the suffering, because, if for no other reason, they reduced a few pressures on officialdom.

Anarchy's brand of cruelty, the cruelty of neglect, is a distressing thing to see; totalitarianism's brand —organized, directed, and refined cruelty—is a frightening thing to see.

Pictures, like words, are beyond recall when once released. The little picture of the little ghostlike woman's face is beyond Peking's recall. Like the moving finger, the camera also writes, and all their impiety and wit cannot lure it back nor cancel half a line.

*(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)*

closely with the regular state organization.

*Marietta Tree,* an untiring party worker of near-professional standing who, under the sponsorship of the Lexington Democratic Club, was elected to membership of the state committee.

*Sylvia Ravitch,* a former teacher who worked as a volunteer in the Stevenson, Wagner, and Harriman campaigns.

*Jane Akers,* who worked with her husband, Anthony Akers, for the near-defeat of the Republican incumbent in New York City's Seventeenth Congressional District, Frederic R. Coudert, Jr.

*Elinor Guggenheimer,* a well-known money raiser in philanthropic circles and board member of many welfare groups.

*Eleanor Clark French,* wife of a prominent lawyer and former women's editor of the New York *Times.*

*Gladys Dorman,* a lawyer by profession who has consented to handle the group's legal work.

*Lillian Weinfeld,* widely experienced in politics and administrative work, wife of a Federal judge.

THIS NUCLEUS began talking as a group in February, and decided first to seek the aid of Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach, a veteran worker in the Democratic vineyard and a close friend of the Roosevelts, who became the group's president.

They agreed that a women's organization can succeed only if it can finance itself. Men tend to be tight-fisted about women's groups, and the supplicant's attitude is unrewarding. On May 17, 1955, a group of a hundred leading women were asked to Mrs. Tree's house to sponsor the Democratic Women's Workshop. Forty-nine contributed $100 each to become charter members.

What these women wanted above all was a service organization. Its two principal functions would be to set the issues before interested women and to train them in the actual techniques of campaigning. Women are excellent proselytizers if they know what they are talking about. A woman ringing a doorbell or in a dinner conversation may only have a few minutes to make a point. If she knows what she thinks and why, the chances are that she can at



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least get a hearing, at most gain a convert.

The first Workshop was held on November 1 and ran in two sessions from 1:30 P.M. to almost 11 P.M.—possibly too long for absorption. It began with pep talks from party bigwigs like Thomas K. Finletter and India Edwards, followed by questions and discussion groups, and resumed in the evening with talks by Clayton Fritchey, editor of the *Democratic Digest,* and Katherine Fitzgerald, Assistant Deputy Commissioner of the New York State Department of Commerce. The meeting had an intensity and intellectuality not always present at such feminine political gatherings.

The permanent headquarters of the Workshop, now at 270 Park Avenue, will function at campaign speed from now until Election Day. Evening classes are to be run for those who want advance training in campaign skills. By training, the Workshop means giving people a chance to make speeches over a microphone or a sound truck, to go out and make neighborhood surveys, or put on a sample telephone campaign.

BY THE TIME the campaign warms up, a well-trained corps of workers should be available to move wherever a shortage develops. It usually happens that a Presidential headquarters has more volunteers than it can use, while local House or Senatorial candidates are often shorthanded. The Workshop would like to function as a central clearinghouse where the various headquarters could call and have their need for workers—or information—filled.

And it is because the Women's Workshop wishes to serve all party candidates that it will not endorse any before the convention. Individuals who come for training will feel free to work for whatever Presidential candidate they like.

Educational efforts were tried upstate in the days when India Edwards worked in the state organization. Angela Parisi still heads a group of Federated Women's Democratic Clubs throughout New York State, but the founding of the Women's Workshop marks the first detailed, comprehensive preparatory effort in any state of the Union.

# *A Britisher's Reminiscence Of a Kentucky Campaign*

**PATRICK O'DONOVAN**

A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT in Washington is continually assaulted with a cliché whose variations are known in every capital in the world. You must get out of Washington, they say, and see the country, or you will never understand America. So I went to Kentucky, and in a way they were perfectly right. At the time there was much talk of an election for governor, and of how the local Democratic Party had torn itself apart in the process.

In a British election, if you followed, say, Clement Attlee, you had first to find him in a maze of deserted back streets. Caught coming out of a school, he would smile unhappily, murmur a word of optimism through his teeth, and hurry into his small coffee-colored car. His wife would be at the wheel and crouched at the back would be a police officer and an election agent. You could obtain a grudging permission to follow the lonely car if you didn't get in the way as it hurried from meeting to meeting.

It was no more rewarding with Sir Winston. His cavalcade, even in election time, tended to have a dauntingly official look, and no one in Britain likes to join processions uninvited.

The result is that in Britain I, at least, approach political stories with an anxiety not over whether I shall be able to write the truth but whether I shall find anything to write at all.

IN LOUISVILLE, things were different. Democratic headquarters were in a hotel. I was shown without question into a room full of people sitting around the edge. A cheerful man introduced himself. Adherents in heavy overcoats and nonremovable hats kept coming in for a few words. Conversation became disjointed. The cheerful man said, "You're from England; I'll send for a cup of tea." I explained my business. I wanted to see Happy Chandler in action. Yes, I had a car. No, I couldn't wait a week.

And then everything was fixed. I had only to drive that evening from Louisville to Paducah (farther than from London to York) and be at a town on the bank of the Ohio River at nine in the morning. The men in the hotel had maps out. They marked them. A state senator said he would be there and would fix everything. (I never saw him again.) Telephones rang and rooms were reserved. Mr. Chandler was starting on a two-day motorcade the next day.

### Hegira with Happy

More than an hour early, I was in the little red-and-white town. Children rioted past and disappeared into school. The sun shone through the trees.

The Ohio River, disproportionately and marvelously wide for so intimate and disciplined a landscape, flowed noiselessly along at the end of the street. The sidewalks were almost empty. The courthouse was deserted. Inside, it was worn and gently decayed. The doors sagged but they wore padlocks. It felt like Sunday morning with everyone else at church. My anxieties came back reinforced.

Ten minutes before the scheduled time, things began to happen. A man started hanging little posters on the trees. Dozens of cars carefully blocked off the streets. Forty or fifty men were standing ankle deep in the fallen leaves outside the courthouse. A few well-dressed women, who in England would have been wives of candidate, agent, and more important supporters, arrived and went upstairs. Nothing unfamiliar here.

Then the loudspeaker called out "Happy's here! Give him a hand!" And a stout, determined man, with a tremendous smile and that air of being bigger and more elaborately



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made that marks the successful politician, with a rasping, public voice and a camel-hair coat, was surging, hat in hand, through the groups of quiet men.

He shook every hand he could reach. He turned back from the door to cross the road and shake the hand of an aged Negro who stood apart and looked embarrassed. He led the men, clattering up the boot-worn stairs, into the courtroom.

This was a quiet meeting. No questions or heckling. But they had come to hear and to see in a way that no longer happens in England. The farmers sat pressed together with their hats on their knees and listened intently. They were all Democrats.

But I was worrying about what came next—the motorcade. I explained my uncertanties to a keen young man who took my ignition key and said "Relax." When we got outside, my car was No. 5 in a line of at least a hundred.

So we set off. The sheriff of Graves County led in a formidable sedan, then the loudspeaker car playing over and over "Happy Days Are Here Again," then Mr. Chandler, then state senators and supporters, then the local press and then me.

We poured out into the countryside, past the white wood houses, through the brief fury of color that is autumn. We drove faster than I have ever driven through defiles and past farms. When we came to a village, all the horns sounded, but nobody came out to watch or perhaps they hadn't time. Sometimes you could hear "Happy Days Are Here Again" being played at seventy miles an hour to the hills. I had fallen to sixteenth place by the time we reached Marion, where a high-school band was playing "My Old Kentucky Home."

### 'Stand Up, Boy'

The keen young man took my car again and I went up into the courthouse. I was seated under the battered rostrum. A great iron stove shook with heat in the center. The roof was of pressed tin, and there were bees bumping themselves against it. Mr. Chandler began. The eyes of the world are on Kentucky. he said. It seemed a safe opening. The room was filled with prosperous, unworried, contented people—people who smiled while they waited. That's the truth, said Mr. Chandler. He is a rare natural speaker. He could have been a pastor in Wales. His sentences were short and they balanced like a chant. They were full of images and you wondered what was coming next. That's true, he said; what you decide next week will be heard in Moscow. He told them that yesterday there'd been a fine young man from Norway come to report their election. Today, he said, there's another from abroad. He's been sent all the way from England to report what we're doing. Stand up, Boy, he said, and let the folks see you.

In England, I suspect, his audience would have frozen into resentful silence. Instead they clapped for quite a long time. I understand now why the British have a reputation here for being stiff. I never felt stiffer. Mr. Chandler talked a little about the Queen and expressed his sympathy for Princess Margaret. There was really no need to be embarrassed. He talked of old troubles between our countries—all over now. And he waved the wars aside. Come a bit closer, Boy, and he clapped me on the shoulder. But, he said, you're lucky. You've come to the real country and to the best part of it. And then he launched into a torrent of well-organized and moving speech—praise of the state, jibes at his opponents, praise of his own record. And I edged back to my seat, my part in the American political scene ended. When he was finished, Mr. Chandler came up and held out his hand and said, "My name is Happy Chandler."

THE MOTORCADE moved on, and now I avoided the keen young man and sat at the back of meetings. Indeed, I soon started back for Louisville (not quite as far as from London to Penzance).

When I was in Washington again, nobody was interested. It was not a typical election. When I insisted that it had been the sort of introduction to politics that compels an affectionate admiration, I was assured that I still had not seen the real thing.

# *The Revolution In Argentina's Universities*

**GLADYS DELMAS**

BUENOS AIRES

DURING the revolution that brought Juan Perón to power in 1945, one of the rallying cries of his *descamisados* was *"¡Alpargatas si, libros no!"* ("Shoes yes, books no!") It was one of the few slogans he did not betray. His whole régime was anti-intellectual, and no segment of the population was more consistently badgered and beset than the universities. The best of the professors were either fired or else resigned in disgust at the outset—1,250 in three months. The students were alternately imprisoned, wooed, regimented, and expelled. Lectures became a farce, with students correcting the mistakes of illiterate teachers. Entrance examinations were abolished as "undemocratic," and were replaced by a "good-conduct certificate" delivered by the political police. Diplomas were distributed as a reward for party activity. One man was granted an M.D. after nine months' attendance at the Medical School. In one science faculty the laboratory technician held a professorial chair after all his superiors had successively been fired for political reasons. A course in the doctrine of "Justicialismo"—Perón's own caricature of social justice—was obligatory in all faculties.

Yet now, after ten years of miseducation, it is in the universities that the revolutionary government is finding its most consistent and lively support. This is far more than the usual student ebullience. It appears to be a mature and responsible movement, remarkable in a generation that has grown up in a political and



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intellectual vacuum, with the avowed purpose of going beyond university classrooms to transform many aspects of Argentine life.

### School's Out!

The dictatorship fell on September 23. On the following day the University Federation of Buenos Aires (F.U.B.A.), an apolitical organization that Perón had never been able either to infiltrate or to smother by his well-heeled rival outfit, the C.G.U., decided to occupy the various schools comprising the university. When the doors opened at 7 A.M., the student committees entered, installed themselves in the dean's office, and called in a notary public to seal up files and documents, and a public accountant to check the funds. The occupation was quite orderly and all but uncontested. The Peronista deans had stayed home and their secretaries and particular acolytes were invited to leave. Other administrative officials were directed to carry on, particularly those concerned with making out the payroll.

The committees then called general assemblies of all students to be held in their respective schools, and suspended lectures for two days on their own authority. The meetings were lively, to say the least. One student reporter wrote. "A lack of familiarity with the rules of parliamentary debate was evident . . . But it was only a question of form, of learning to speak out loud, of defending one's right and observing one's obligations. The important thing is that tyranny has not completely killed our sense of our rights or totally stifled our consciousness of our obligations."

The assemblies and their subsequent committees took various decisions. Those professors who had been flagrantly Peronista or who were notoriously incompetent were fired. Others were told to continue their courses while awaiting a more thorough investigation. End-of-the-month examinations were also postponed, since events had prevented proper preparation for them.

The great majority of the student body, and particularly the leaders of F.U.B.A. who had successfully resisted Perón's threats and blandishments, were and are slightly left of center—mostly Radicals or Socialists; the militant Catholics among them are of Christian Democratic tendency. There are very few Communists. Their small student organization walked out of the F.U.B.A. in 1952 and joined Perón's C.G.U.—an action that made their name anathema.

### Political Finesse

On September 24 the then President Lonardi appointed Dr. Atilio Dell'Oro Maini, a distinguished international lawyer, as Minister of Education. The students, although they respected him, knew him as an ultranationalist of conservative leanings. They had not got rid of Perón to be saddled with another form of conservatism, however respectable.

In a revolution, timing is of the essence: Temporary expedients are apt to congeal into permanent situations. The students acted rapidly. In their general assemblies they voted by acclamation a list of three names from which they respectfully suggested the Minister should choose the new rector ad interim of the University. All three were men of stature, professors fired at the beginning of the Perón era. All three were known for their liberal beliefs.

To make their intentions even clearer, on September 27 the student junta, still in possession of the university, organized a ceremony to inaugurate the new era and asked Dr. José Luis Romero, the first of their choices for rector, to make the main address. They also invited Dr. Dell'Oro Maini. He sent his regrets, but two days later he appointed Dr. Romero interventor with practically unlimited powers.

The students had won their point. They had demonstrated that the university was theirs; they had detected a political threat and sidestepped it. When I remarked to one of their leaders on the political acumen they had shown in handling the situation, he said, "But under Perón, you see, we *had* to learn to swim."

JOSE LUIS ROMERO is a Socialist in his forties with an engaging smile, an easy manner, and a lively mind. He is a medieval historian, and in 1951-1952 held a Guggenheim Fellowship at Harvard. In addition to numerous medieval studies he has written a *History of Political Ideas in Argentina,* and he edits a bimonthly review, *Imago Mundi,* devoted to sociological and historical studies. Dr. Romero is an excellent example of a distinguished historian very much concerned with history in the making.

As deans of the various schools, Dr. Romero appointed men of unquestioned distinction and authority and, without exception, of liberal tendencies. All of them swore not to accept a salary, nor to postulate for a university chair after cleaning the Augean stables. This excess of puritanism—for it will deprive the university of some of its best candidates—gives some measure of the corruption to which it is a reaction.

### Who Shall Teach?

The problems facing Dr. Romero and his deans are many. The most immediate is the question of professorships. All professors who were fired or resigned for political reasons were ceremoniously reinstated in their chairs, but at the end of the year all professorships were to be thrown open to competition. The question arises as to who will be eligible. Shall those who hung on to their jobs under Perón but gave him no more than lip service be included? The students themselves are apt to be emotionally intransigent; the turning of coats they have witnessed since September has soured their youthful idealism, as various cartoons in student journals show. It is the old question of collaboration so



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painfully thrashed out in Europe after the last war.

However, when Dr. Dell'Oro Maini in a radio speech said, "Those who profess or have professed totalitarian doctrines, be they of the Right or Left . . . may not teach in Argentine universities," the students were quick to foresee a witch hunt. A few days later, on November 7, the F.U.B.A. sent a note to the Minister vigorously protesting his statement, saying that ideological discrimination had always been the instrument of dictatorships and that "scientific capacity and ethical probity" should be the only criteria.

The whole question of eligibility has recently become further complicated however, and since General Pedro Aramburu's accession as Provisional President on November 13, Dr. Dell'Oro Maini has been increasingly under fire in the provinces.

The interventor in Córdoba, Agustín Caeiro, resigned at the end of November because the Minister objected to the firing of Catholic professors who had been Peronista during Perón's pro-Catholic period. At the Universidad del Litoral at Santa Fé, liberal student organizations boycotted examinations because of the continued presence of these Catholic-Peronista professors. The Ateneo Católico, which formerly operated with Perón's C.G.U., opposed the strike, and in the ensuing riots four students were seriously wounded and many others were arrested. The government has since reaffirmed by decree its interventors' authority. Caeiro was reinstated. But liberal students in Córdoba Province are now seeking the Minister of Education's resignation. The powerful F.U.B.A. is likely to back them.

### Periodic Tenure

Another debated point is the question of tenure. Students feel very strongly that there should be no life appointments, that each chair should be thrown open to competition every few years. Such a measure would appear to make the universities a prey to every passing whim of the government, particularly in a country where the only universities are state-controlled. The students, however, are also demanding complete autonomy for the university administrations, and that would remove at least some of the political hazards.

The reasons for such extreme measures are inherent in the peculiarities of the Argentine situation. A professorship here is even more badly paid than in our own country. No professor even attempts to live on his salary. The temptation is therefore great to devote one's best energies to something more lucrative. It is unfair to saddle the students with a professor who has long ceased to care about academic matters, distinguished lawyer, engineer, or man of letters though he may be.

I HAVE QUESTIONED many people, both students and faculty, about this question of "periodicity," since it seems a measure obviously aimed at political control. I have been obliged to conclude, however, that although it could easily become a political weapon, it is not at all regarded in that light at present—unless by some sinister character pulling strings in the shadows. It is primarily a manifestation of that hunger for quality which is one of the most heartening aspects of the present university situation, and is apparently prompted only by the desire to keep professors on their toes. Dr. Romero told me that any measure having to do with the raising of academic standards was sure to meet with the approval of all sectors of student opinion. After years of worse than mediocre teaching, sloppy study programs, and farcical examinations, the students are clamoring for more and harder

work, tougher examinations, and, naturally, better teachers.

They are concerned not only with the quality but the content of education they are getting. In a message to Provisional President Lonardi on October 31, they asked that formal lectures be abolished and seminars, of which there are none at present, instituted in their place. The material presented in lectures, they maintained, would be better learned by reading textbooks. They also asked for less purely technical and professional training, less compartmentation of the various faculties, and a certain amount of training in political science for everyone. They really would like to change almost everything.

### Pattern for Autonomy

University autonomy, which has been talked of and periodically granted on paper since 1918, is again a burning question. It is easily granted, but since the state holds the purse strings, real independence is almost utopian—as our own state universities at budget time well know. The student proposal is not particularly concerned with the financial aspects, but is very precise as to the governing body it would like to see established. The university, like royal France, would be divided into three estates: students, alumni, and professors. The rector would be elected by all three. A council, formed equally of elected representatives from each of the three estates, would hold the legislative power. This is an extremely revolutionary proposal: The students plus the alumni would easily outvote the professors—who would hold their chairs only on sufferance. The professorial estate fell low during the years of Perón, and the students, armed with the righteousness of their past conduct, seem determined to keep the university in their own hands. The Minister of Education has already stated publicly that student representatives will have some voice in the government of the university, but it seems doubtful that they will be granted the complete control they are agitating for.

### The Religious Problem . . .

The majority of students in F.U.B.A. are agreed on these points: "periodicity" of tenure, autonomy, and as much student government as they can wangle. The main issue dividing them is the old one of religious education. Since militant Catholicism played such a large part in the successful revolution, its position within the revolutionary government has been a strong one, at least during the Lonardi régime. The ma-



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jority of Catholic students, however, are of liberal tendencies and they are not asking for the reinstatement of religious teaching in state schools—imposed by Perón at the beginning of his career when he sought the support of the Church, and removed at the beginning of 1955 when he was feuding with it.

There are only six universities in Argentina, all of them state-controlled, and Catholic students cite longingly the great private American and English institutions. Obviously many of them would be happier with private Catholic universities. The hitch, however, is again a financial one. These new private universities must also be democratic, they say—that is, tuition-free. And where is the money to come from except from the state? These are the same problems that have racked Belgium and to some extent France, and the same arguments are tossed back and forth. Here the government already subsidizes Catholic primary and secondary schools. But should it create a Catholic university to rival its own institutions? And how could such a university be called private?

### . . . and the F.E.U.

The F.U.B.A., which comprises some twenty thousand students in Buenos Aires, maintains that it is apolitical, but all its manifestoes and bulletins are imbued with a liberal and even leftist doctrine. Both the Christian Democrats and the Socialist-Radicals militate within its ranks. Since the revolution, however, a number of militant Catholic students have organized a new group, the F.E.U., frankly conservative, not to say reactionary. When I asked one of its leaders how he would define its position, he said, "The F.U.B.A. calls us fascists and we call them Communists; neither is true. But you can say we are conservative if you want to. We don't hate the word."

They talk of "natural hierarchy" and want to see the professor back in his position of authority. They want the university aloof from politics and the class struggle, a place of refuge for things of the mind. They are, they say, more internationally minded than F.U.B.A. because of their Christian tradition, and protest against what they call the F.U.B.A.'s chauvinism and "cultural autochthony." The leaders are certainly sincere, and have indubitable anti-Perón records, but certain aspects of their program—getting politics out of their universities, for instance—make their organization an ideal refuge for unreconstructed Peronistas. The group is still small, numbering little more than a thousand.

Compared with the heady program of the F.U.B.A., the mild traditional conservatism of the F.E.U. would seem to have little chance of attracting recruits among young people who are persuaded that this is the dawn of a new era and that the students will remake Argentina. For beyond the question of university administration, with which they are most directly concerned, the proclamations of F.U.B.A. all look to the national political scene. They say it would be useless, even if it were possible, to have an ideal university in a rotten country. The university must leaven national life.

### Wooing the Unions

"Worker-student solidarity" crops up in all discussions. The students are perhaps not quite clear what they mean by the term. At any rate they repudiate with horror the suggestion that it has a Communist ring. "We cannot again allow the two most vociferous groups in the country to be massed against each other. We must democratize the university and bring into it people from all social strata." Here they suggest a "presalary" to be paid by the state to students whose families would otherwise need their income. "But we must also go the workers ourselves, help them with classes and legal or technical advice, so they will never again feel that intellectuals are their enemies."

In their message of October 31 to Lonardi, the students wrote: "Considering that entrance to the university is for the student a privilege which he has not won or done anything to deserve, but is only due to fortuitous circumstances of birth, it is his duty to return to the people the knowledge he has acquired, to repair in part at least a situation of intolerable inequality."

Even under Perón, engineering students held clandestine classes for skilled workers in Avelleneda, an industrial suburb. All student programs call for university extension courses—classes given by qualified students to working-class groups.

One of the first acts of the student junta that governed the university during the September revolution was to look into conditions in the university printing shop, where they found sanitation intolerable and workers still waiting to be paid a raise in salary granted nine months before. The newspaper published by F.UB.A. devotes a good portion of its limited space to news of the trade

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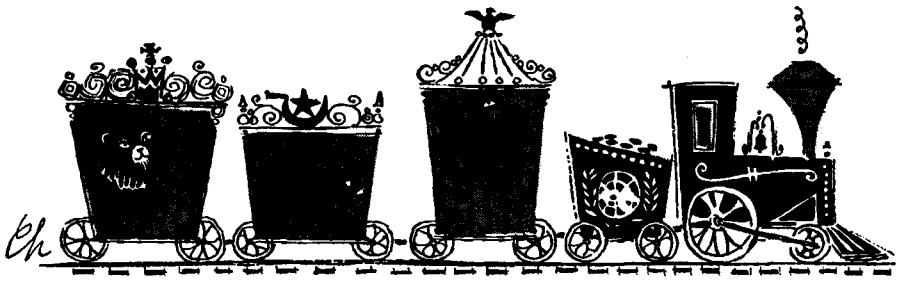
unions and the progress made in de-Perónizing them. There does not yet appear to be any real co-ordination between the students and trade unions, but there is an active desire on the part of the students to work in concert on the national scene, based, the students say, on the fact that both are economically weak and have no entrenched positions to defend.

THE REVOLUTIONS that brought first General Lonardi and then General Aramburu to power were largely the work of the professional middle class. It is not the manufacturers and businessmen, or even the great landed proprietors and cattlemen, economically the most affected by Perón's policies, who have come to the fore since September 16, but lawyers, doctors, engineers, and other professional men.

The student body, the professional class of tomorrow, uncompromisingly liberal in its active majority, is at least one coherent group on which the professional classes in power can count for support as they feel their way amid the entrenched positions of clerical conservatism and demagogic Peronism. That the students enjoy carrying banners and yelling in the streets is an added advantage in a revolutionary situation.

It did not quite come to this on Sunday, November 13, but before the victory of the liberal elements in the government led by General Aramburu was certain, the presiding committee of F.U.B.A. issued the following communiqué: "In the uncertainty of the present situation . . . the University Federation of Buenos Aires, faithful to its long tradition, declares that the country will only solve its problems by a real exercise of democracy and a refusal to allow the introduction of any kind of totalitarianism."

The next day, the students held an open meeting in the great hall of the School of Engineering. They assembled to the cry *"¡Derecho si, derecha no!"* (The law yes, the Right no!"), which sums up as well as anything both their attitude and that of their elders in the government. They have infinite respect for democratic legitimacy—a legitimacy of which they believe they are the custodians.



# *U.N.: The Fine Art Of Corridor Sitting*

**MARYA MANNES**

ESTABLISHED reporters of the international scene need not read this: They know their way around. It is for the encouragement and guidance only of those who are suddenly catapulted into the United Nations Secretariat Building in New York with a press card and told to write about the U.N.

The small sensations of power and privilege a press card gives (it gets you past the first guard) ebb almost immediately. The place is very big and bright, and you are very small and dim. Everybody knows where they are going and what they are doing, especially the moving belts of people on the escalators, passing each other diagonally and gravely in a sort of saraband of purpose. The little men know what is in their briefcases. The little stenographers know where to get their coffee. The Indian ladies in saris have no doubt that they are women.

This assurance is even worse in the press section, or bull pen. This too is bright and large and perfectly planned, with no city-room raffishness. Even the chatter of teletypes and typewriters is an orderly one and the wastebaskets are not permitted to overflow.

The section is full of what is known as "grizzled" or "seasoned" correspondents—the kind who have covered three wars, the Riff rebellion, and the Geneva Conference, and know what the second revision of the joint draft resolution (Doc. C/C.1/L.150/Rev. 2) is.

Some of the correspondents had beards, and I assumed they were foreign. Some looked more intelligent and more ravaged than others, and I assumed they were French. There were few women: one stiffly encased in a tailored suit with a face like the *Missouri* and a bag full of releases; another in a skirt and cap obviously woven by herself, lugging a large, congested feed bag of matching material.

A kind press soul had told me to line up for tickets for the Security Council. Separate tickets for each meeting are mandatory, and first choice for important sessions goes to the big papers. When the ticket arbiter came to me he shook his head sadly and said, "Lady, I don't think I can do it. Come back later." The first time this happened I came back later. The second time I pre-empted the ticket of a big-paper correspondent. Very often big-paper correspondents are too busy to look at delegates.

### Releases and Briefings

Ticket in hand, I was then faced with what became a grave problem: how to pass the time between meetings and where to pass it. I followed some correspondents to the racks where all the releases are and picked out some as they did. I got one on Togoland and one on the budget, neither of which I understood, and one concerning a telegram from the Minister of External Affairs at Cape Town to the Minister of External Affairs at Karachi, which I enjoyed. It was a very ill-tempered exchange,



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in which the Pakistani Minister had said: "Let the South African Government forget about Communism and anti-Communism and learn some decency."

Then I saw a familiar face in a pride of correspondents on their way somewhere and said "What's up?" He said, "We're going to hear what Dixon has to say." I wanted to hear what he had to say too, but I was not invited. It was probably only for the British anyway.

To my great joy, however, the daily briefing by the British press officer was open to all, so I filed into a little windowless classroom with seats and a blackboard and waited. The grizzled correspondents would ask the press officer questions and he would pretend to answer them. He was nattily Edwardian and turned aside their little goads and provocations with amiable parries. An hour later the same thing happened with the American press officer, who was not half so gay. Like all the Americans I saw at the U.N., he was terribly nice and friendly and upright, but if he knew what the American delegation was up to, he gave no sign. "I just can't tell you," he would say miserably to almost anything. When I asked one of the reporters whether they ever learned anything from these briefings, he said "No."

FEELING ALMOST integrated then, I was guided by a helpful stranger down some back stairs and corridors to the press entrance of the Security Council, where I hastily grabbed myself one of the front seats. (This is wrong; important correspondents take the back seats, higher up.)

It was the rousing and dramatic session of the package-deal vetoes, and I pretended to take notes, as everyone else did, while I examined faces. Sir Leslie Munro of New Zealand was a mastiff: growling, reliable, tenacious. Hervé Alphand, the head of the French delegation, needed only a long tumbling white wig to make his pink imperious face and pouched eyes an eighteenth-century royal image. Henry Cabot Lodge looked, as always, like a boy any American mother and most of Congress would be proud of. Krishna Menon, sitting back in the observers' bank of seats, combined as always the qualities of a dark Savonarola, a molten Lucifer, and the Bad Fairy in a ballet. Dr. Tingfu Tsiang of Nationalist China resembled a pained frog. Whenever he spoke the others would look at him as if he were a rare and curious specimen, the last of its kind.

At one point Mrs. Oswald B. Lord (Human Rights) walked across the putting-lawn carpet to confer, a red velvet clamp on her head. This prompted the bearded Scandinavian writer now sitting beside me to remark in a hoarse whisper that just before she was to make a speech on the Nationality of Married Women to the Assembly the preceding day, she was seen to be waiting impatiently for something; additional pages of speech, he thought. Instead a young lady rushed in with a box, Mrs. Lord opened it, replaced the hat she had on with the one she took out, and mounted the stand.

During one of the translations I was immensely gratified when a big-paper correspondent suggested I sit with him higher up, where I could "see better." I turned my attention then to the mural in the background. It was very complicated. There were little groups of people with chains on their legs straining toward the light at the top of the picture, and at the bottom a large strange bird, surely unknown to Audubon, sitting on a dark pile of what seemed to be old automobile parts. I was just thinking that I had seldom seen worse painting anywhere when a distinguished foreign correspondent across the aisle passed me a note saying, "Who painted that *splendid* mural, and why?"

There was quite a lot of note passing, in the collegiate manner. When Sir Pierson Dixon was making one of his infinitely well-bred and tutorial speeches, speaking of the virtues of the British people ("tolerant and forgiving") and saying that his delegation was prepared to vote for the admission of Bad Nations too in the hope that they might become Good, one note fluttered up reading "And quiet flows the Don"; and a more childish individual scrawled during a Soviet speech, "I am tired of pizlovin' pipples." I began to feel very much in it, although not enough to pass notes.

### Hunting Up Sources

There is a dreadful span of time between the closing of the morning meetings at one and the opening of the afternoon ones at three. It took me three days to know what to do with it. Of several alternatives, the best one (that of the seasoned U.N. correspondent) is to hunt up your Sources. This involves bagging a member of a delegation in the lounge and asking him intelligent questions, preferably over lunch or drinks. It takes months to get Sources.

Another alternative is to have a bun and coffee in the little Press Club Lounge, near the bull pen. This is a small enclosure with a counterful of wrapped sandwiches and coffee at one end and tables and chairs filling the rest. You can either crash somebody else's table and listen in, introducing yourself with the proper combination of self-depreciation and esteem, or you can bring your ham on rye to an empty table and wait. This entails the risk of remaining alone. I was fortunate, however, in sharing my table and their knowledge with several correspondents. One said there was going to be a veto; another said there would not be a veto; and another said Lodge had put his foot in it again.

YOU CANNOT remain indefinitely at the table, so you are left with two more alternatives. One is to do what most of the reporters do and write something.

The first day I went to the long row of typewriters in the pressroom and sat before one in deep thought. An Oriental correspondent facing me was typing furiously from notes. I envied him: I had few notes and no urgency. I did manage to cover the back of a telegram form with a fair copy of a document on interlocking protectorates.

The wiser alternative is to go down to the wide curving corridors outside the Security Council chamber and sit. The best place is in the



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middle, where you can catch the delegates on their way to and from the North and South Delegates' Lounges. I was rewarded by witnessing two huddles in half an hour. First Krishna Menon huddled with Sir Pierson Dixon and his advisers. Then Krishna Menon huddled with Sobolev, Kuznetzov, and Malik, right in front of me. I could not hear what they said, but assumed they must be Making Deals. So did the photographers, who converged on them.

### A Chat with Sir Percy

Shortly after this I was picked up by the correspondent who had acted as my first mentor and taken to the South Delegates' Lounge, where he left me almost immediately for a Source. I examined garbage scows on the East River and a curious sort of bookcase where the delegates had left their briefcases—black, brown, bloated, thin, crested, uncrested, fancy, shabby, and all pregnant with mystery.

When my mentor returned he made up for his negligence by introducing me to Sir Percy Spender, the Australian Ambassador. Sir Percy, fox-hued and fox-keen, could not have been kinder. Here, I realized, was a golden opportunity to ask something like "Do you think a compromise on the third revision could break the deadlock?" But my spirit failed me; I was not yet ready for Sources, certainly not of such magnitude.

Yet things are improving steadily. I have learned now what releases to take from which racks. I am on speaking terms with quite a few gentlemen of the press who are prepared to tell me what to think, and I pick up little quotable items about Lodge, who seems to worry them. A Swiss told me that the trouble with Lodge was that he was playing poker while everybody else played chess. An Italian asked me whether I'd noticed that Lodge never looked at the President of the Council or the other delegates but always at the audience.

I even picked up a quote of my own at a press conference held by the Syrian delegate, who, when asked by a reporter what his next step was going to be, said, "The next step will always be guided by the previous step." I felt that this should be blazoned on Mr. Lodge's door.

## VIEWS & REVIEWS

# *The Glory That Is Still Greece*

**MARK VAN DOREN**

THE GLORY that was Greece survives, we said, in its place names. The Orient Express had toiled all night, all day, through Yugoslavia where no shape or label was familiar, and where the inhabitants, stolid at best, looked even more so beneath the burden, borne to be sure with impressive patience, of an anonymity as blank as that of the muddy slopes over which they drove

their spotted cows, substitutes for oxen.

Then suddenly, on Thursday evening, the train stopped at a little station in front of which men sat at tables, smiling and talking, while waiters brought them thimblefuls of coffee and towering glasses of clear water. There were no guards with pistols, and somewhere music played. At last we were in Greece, and there was brightness in the air. These men knew where they lived and who they were; and obviously they liked it, as by instinct we did too.

If we had leaned out to ask them whether we would see Olympus as we passed they would certainly have known that we would not; nor Pieria, nor the Vale of Tempe, nor the nearby peninsula where golden apples still are grown and still are called Hesperides. No, we were not to see daylight until the plains of Thessaly were behind us. But after breakfast a high, handsome mountain rose on the right, and as I stood in the corridor admiring it the porter came softly to my side and said "Parnassus," and when I showed my pleasure showed his pride. Nor had many minutes gone before the train slowed down for a village and I made out of the letters on the station sign no less luminous a word than Helicon.

### Myths and Magic Words

Parnassus, Helicon; and in another hour or so there would be Thebes. The names said themselves over and over in my ears: a marvelous music, suitable somehow to a swiftly unfolding landscape brilliant everywhere with its own natural sculpture, and to a race of women on the hills—slender women, conscious of their grace—who rode small donkeys debonairly, their feet swinging, their red blouses and white kerchiefs blowing as they descended to pick cotton in miniature fields where their dark husbands already stood, waving at the train as if it were something that did not pass them every morning.

So here we were. And every day after this, for the more than two weeks that we had in Greece, I repeated my discovery: Its glory is its names—of places and of persons, on earth or in the sky. For the incomparable people who once lived here had a myth-making power, which is to say a poetic power, such as no other people has ever had, unless indeed the ancient Hebrews, with their Hebron and their Jordan, their Moses and their David, had as much. But surely even then it cannot be true, I thought, that any other country, big or little, has given the world so many magic words to



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say, so many actions to remember. The words and the actions, the names and the legends, went together in the great Greece that has disappeared; they danced as one in a deeply colored world shot through with mind that penetrated everywhere, delighting in all forms of thought and feeling.

### The Limping God

And yet great Greece has never disappeared, since if nothing else the names it lived with have survived. Hephaestus, for example, my favorite among its gods, who limped at his forge because Zeus in a fit of anger once threw him down from Olympus and he broke his left leg falling "on Lemnos, the Aegean isle," has not been forgotten. I have two evidences for this.

One afternoon in Athens we were walking through a narrow street which all at once grew narrower still, and we became aware of blacksmith shops on both sides of us: dark caves of stone in which hammers rang and white fire blazed in forges kept alive by huge hand-operated bellows. Iron and bronze were being worked by men in leather aprons, and I thought of sundry gold objects that the lame smith-god had fashioned for the heroes and the gods: the shield of Achilles, for instance, and the cups from which the Olympians drank their nectar.

The companions of the divine artificer laughed at his lameness, Homer tells us; probably they despised him because he worked with his hands, or because he worked at all. And to be sure he was swarthy as well as lame, and built closer to the ground than beautiful cruel Apollo or the implacable Aphrodite with her snow-white arms and shoulders (his own wife, in fact, and she was untrue to him with Ares, god of war; but that is another story). Well, I glanced up to see where we were so that we could come this way again, and the sign said, of all things, "Hephaestus Street." The next day I learned that we had been at the bottom of the north slope of the hill on which the Temple of Hephaestus stands overlooking the Agora—and so has stood for more than two millenniums; an archaeologist assured me that the name was no coincidence.

THEN IN ARCADIA, when our driver was crossing a dizzy range of mountains and the radiator sprang a serious leak, we found it necessary to stop in a village where the blacksmith was reputed to be skillful with solder. He was indeed, and we worked the bellows for him while the entire population gathered to watch both him and us—us, certainly, for we were strangers and their curiosity about us was at least as strong as the sense of hospitality which moved them to bring us chairs and a little table to eat our lunch on. The smith, who would not proceed with the mending until he had shared his own lunch with the driver, at last got down to work; and he did it so well that in admiration I said to him the one word I considered relevant: "Hephaestus." His teeth gleamed as he tapped his chest, nodded energetically, and corrected my accent: "Euphestos!" This was as good as being in Arcadia, not many miles north of Sparta, where Helen lived (except for ten years) with Menelaus; or northwest of sandy Pylos, where young Telemachus came in his chariot to ask what Nestor knew of his father Odysseus; or southwest of Mycenae where Agamemnon once was king of men. As good, I say, as being in Arcadia, though I saw nothing of its most famous inhabitant, goat-foot Pan.

### Vanished Sparta

Pan is not there, and of course in Sparta there is no visible suggestion of Leda whose experience with an immortal swan produced Helen, the most beautiful of women. No trace is there even of the dour folk whose only god was discipline, and who won their fatal war with Athens. Thucydides's prediction about them has long since come true; possessing no ideas and no art, they have utterly disappeared. The Athenians with their intellectual goddess and their innumerable poets and philosophers have at last the perfect revenge: Their city is the metropolis and capital of living Greece.

Athens itself is very much alive. In fact we sometimes thought it too much so; it seemed feverish and intense, with dust blowing in the streets and a thousand drivers doing their demon best to run us down. Doubtless it was thus when Socrates stood calmly in the Stoa of Zeus and infuriated the Sophists who were no cleverer than he and infinitely less serious. It is always dangerous to be serious in the pursuit of truth, and most men then as well as now avoided the kind of death their master died. Most men in Athens now are talkers. And what talkers! Constitution Square boils and buzzes with them every evening before the late dinner the Athenians like. So far as I know it is the biggest area on earth devoted entirely to coffee and conversation, and tonguewise it is the busiest. Politics or love, money or religion—no matter what the theme, the eloquence (with gestures) is enormous. Perhaps they never truly argue, meeting point with point; I have read somewhere that each of them desires only to erect a taller column of words, and therefore a more admirable one, than his neighbor can, and if like



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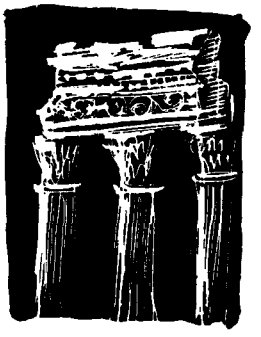
children's blocks they all topple at last, no one cares, for bright new piles, false at the worst, specious at the best, can easily rise again.

### Heartbreak Amid the Rubble

Athens is not so much a city as a vast overgrown town. I was told in the Chamber of Commerce that every Greek now wants to live there, and that too many have come. Certainly the view from Lycabettus or the Acropolis is of white buildings flowing as far as one can see like foam among the hills. But nowhere is there the appearance of power, of sumptuous majesty, such as even the meaner streets of Rome somehow support. The greatness of this Greece was long ago; it departed either east to Constantinople or west to the city of the seven hills. Athens degenerated into a village at the feet of the Acropolis; and if it is large again, it is still a village. Only monuments—the Parthenon on high, the temples of Olympian Zeus and Hephaestus lower down—remain to prove how measureless the might of Athens was in its own bit of time. The ruins are convincing, but they are also heartbreaking. So much glory, so utterly gone.

The mountains and the plains are as stunning as ever; but at Delphi, say, where are the votaries for whom bathing at the Castalian Spring is an effective rite before they proceed to the oracle? Where is the Pythoness, and where is the gold once heaped in the treasuries? Where is the slave who struggles to arrive and touch this holy ground so that henceforth he may be forever free? Where is the sense that Delphi keeps the secret, unknown to even the wisest city-states, of permanent peace?

Eagles still soar between the summit of Parnassus and the Corinthian Gulf, but they look down upon a desert of human history. So at Olympia, across the Gulf: Cyclopean drums of fallen columns lie everywhere among huge trees, but where are the brilliant athletes who for a thousand years competed here for laurel and the praise of poets? The river whose floods have carved away the stadium—"Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past that shrunk thy streams"—meanders through gravel with no memory of the shouts and prayers it used to overhear. At Mycenae the tombs of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra—or, some say, of Perseus and Andromeda—are beehive holes in little hills from whose tops there is nothing to see but the burnt tops of bigger mountains, or in one direction the Argive plain, where it is quite impossible even to imagine the chariot of Agamemnon bearing him to his bloody death at the hands of Clytemnestra and her paramour. How can Cassandra, princess and prophetess, be ever so faintly made out as she stands behind her new master, shrieking because she knows he will be murdered? And where is Pelops' line for whom the peninsula is named—Atreus and Thyestes, barbarous



brothers whose sons still hate each other?

Orestes went wandering from here pursued by the Furies because he had killed his mother; but we did not see him at Delphi, clinging to the base of Apollo's statue, nor in Athens was it thinkable that the Areopagus ever witnessed the trial by which at last he was acquitted. So up in Thebes, the town we passed through on the train, there was no briefest vestige of the place where Oedipus discovered his guilt and Jocasta hanged herself; of the gates—there are no gates—beyond which Polyneices and Eteocles slew each other, and Antigone was forbidden to bury her brother's body; or of the still older city built by Cadmus, where Zeus visited Semele in a bolt of lightning and Pentheus was torn to pieces by his mother Agave, who thought him a beast and herself inspired.

Outside the city Cithaeron still heaves its slopes, on one of which the infant Oedipus was exposed to die, and on toward Delphi there is the place in the moutains where three roads meet and Laius, angrily contesting the right of way, was killed by his accursed son. But whether here or off in rocky Ithaca which once awaited its returning lord, or north by Olympus, or east among the shining Cyclades that still appear to revolve about Delos, their sacred center, the glory lives only in the sound of syllables a modern Greek sometimes seems outrageously to mispronounce.

### The Friendly People

Not that the modern Greek is unworthy of high praise. For one thing he has kept the names, and is proud to note that we come five thousand miles to hear them spoken. But better yet, he is hospitable and kind, and his ever-present smile is as sweet as it could be if he were far richer than he is. He is certainly poor; yet among the valleys of Arcadia—much deeper and grander than I had thought—he looks at you as you pass and returns your greeting in triple measure. So does his wife—often she is beautiful, with serious dark eyes. And so do his children, who may bring you flowers to smell (perhaps also to buy), but who in any case will stare at you with a solemn consuming curiosity, as if it still were true that you could be a god come through their village in disguise.

All of them are courteous, and concerned about your comfort. I shall not forget the little boy in Heraklion, chief port of Crete, who as I stood wearily in front of our hotel, waiting for the bags to come down, tapped me on the shoulder and showed me a rickety chair he had dragged from some doorway for my use. Neither shall I forget the mistake I made in offering him a drachma. He shook his head and grinned. It had been a ritual, not a transaction.

We had gone to Crete, of course, to see the palace at Cnossus. Yet, splendid as it is (or was), I shall keep uppermost in mind not only this boy but an ancient couple farther inland at whose tavern our driver stopped so that we could drink country wine. I say tavern; it was only their small house, by a bridge that crossed a dry stream under a gigantic plane tree which our host assured us was five hundred



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years old. He had lost one eye, and so had his yellow cat; and his wife hobbled on feet that evidently hurt her as she set out, in addition to the wine, cups of bitter coffee and the inevitable tumblers of water, then after that a plate of veal deliciously soaked in the juices of onions and red peppers.

The two of them stood and watched us enjoy what may in fact have been their lunch. And they did accept some drachmas in return. But we could not have paid for their beaming faces as they bowed us out to the car, whose driver stopped twice on the way back to Heraklion, once to pick a bunch of grapes from a vineyard he heard us praising, and again to tell us (in terrible English) how he had been a captain of Partisans resisting the Germans between 1941 and 1945, and how on this very bridge—he got out to show us, pointing down—a general had been thrown into the river. He was happy to conduct us to the Labyrinth of Minos, but he insisted too that we see how the Greeks of his own time had made history. So they had, and so they will forever, those charming people with the white teeth who know so well the names of their predecessors.

HISTORICAL NOTE: As for Cyprus, which we had supposed might be a source of embarrassment to us in Greece, I can record that no native we met seemed to have it in mind. Students demonstrated in Athens and there were posters galore, but individuals ignored the matter. Once in the mountains, when we had stopped for a steam shovel that straddled the road, an old man with a shepherd's crook appeared from nowhere at the window where I sat and asked, "You Eenglees?," and when I told him "No, American," reached out his hand and said: "Good man!" And in Crete a restaurant proprietor, similarly informed, said, "Fine! I like you very much!" Naturally both men had spent some years in the United States. Almost everybody had, or knew someone who is here. This clearly outweighed Cyprus. And I thought: Our firmest rock in the sea of world opinion is the immigration that once was. In fifty years—but that will be another story.

# *The Broadway Triumph Of a Lady from Japan*

**FAUBION BOWERS**

THE SUCCESSFUL return appearance of the Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians, who opened December 26 at the Broadway Theatre after an absence from New York of two years, was a personal triumph and vindication for the charming lady who is the leading dancer and the creator of the troupe. About three years ago, when Azuma Tokuho made up her mind to use her art as a means of cementing good relations between her country and the United States, she staked everything she had on it. In order to raise the money for so ambitious a venture as bringing twenty-five or thirty artists and craftsmen, instruments and equipment, costumes and settings halfway around the world, she sold her two houses and her restaurant in Tokyo, where she danced after dinner for specially honored guests, and borrowed the balance from her chief patron and admirer, the head of Daiei Studios (who made "Rashomon" and "Gate of Hell").

*Azuma Tokuho*

The gamble has paid off in a number of ways. One is that she has gained greater recognition abroad than in her own country. Another is that even during her short tours of America she has performed before large audiences more frequently than she has in Japan itself. Also, I suspect that she has made more money here with dancing troupes alone than she has made out of all her Japanese enterprises combined. But most important of all, perhaps, is the fact that her popularity overseas has compensated somewhat for the artistic frustrations she has long endured in Japan.

### Uzaemon's Daughter

Azuma Tokuho is the daughter of the late Uzaemon XV, the great Kabuki actor whose beauty and talent made him an idol of Japan such as few actors in history have ever been; her mother was one of the most celebrated geishas of the elegant Yanagibashi district of Tokyo. Being a girl and therefore not entitled to appear in Kabuki—for 350 years Kabuki has been the exclusive preserve of men, who play even the roles of women in a highly stylized way—Azuma Tokuho found few outlets in Japan for the artistic gifts her lineage provided. To dance as a geisha, in the intimate confines of a small dining room, did not provide adequate scope for her ambitions and talents. So she began inventing her own dances, borrowing others from Kabuki (although women are not supposed to be able to perform them, she had the tremendous advantage of her father's teaching). Ultimately she created a form of classical dancing of her own that is more extended in form than geisha dancing but less formal and forbidding than Kabuki; it belongs at once to tradition and to Azuma Tokuho herself as a creative artist.

One of her most enchanting creations is a dreamlike sequence in which she dances a solo as O-Yuki, the geisha-mistress of a wealthy



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American. During the dance, which is called "Morgan-O-Yuki," the dancer re-enacts her courtship by the American and finally dances with him, in fantasy, to a waltz. It is the only instance I know of in which three-quarter time is used in Japanese music.

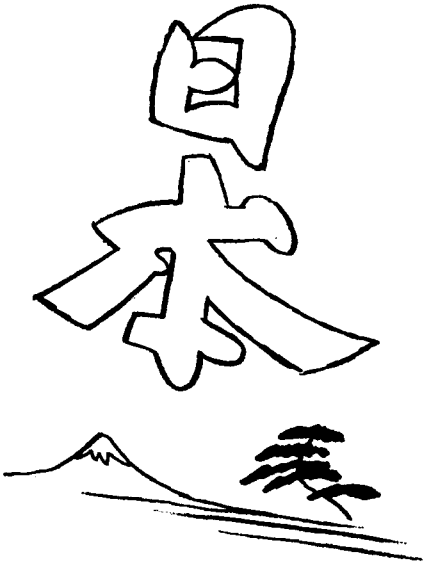
### From Novice to Artist

Azuma Tokuho began her career as a novice under the name Harué, and it was as Harué that I first knew her before the war. As her reputation and skill increased year by year, the leading dancers and actors finally agreed to award her the name Tokuho, to signify that she was a fully accredited artist rather than a beginner in the strictly graded hierarchies of Japan's art circles. She was also made the head of the Azuma dance school (all dancers of the Uzaemon Kabuki tradition dance in what is called "Azuma style"). This was an unusual honor for a woman, but all the sons of Uzaemon were devoid of dancing talent and so not qualified to run their father's school, which teaches geishas and also girls of good family who want to be initiated in the secret arts of Azuma dancing.

With all these attainments, Azuma Tokuho was at last recognized as one of the leading dancers of Japan. Occasionally now she would appear in one of the smaller theaters of Tokyo before connoisseurs, Kabuki actors and their wives, and, of course, geishas. But even these performances came only at rare intervals—at most once a year—and her fame was confined to these inner circles.

When the plans for her appearance in America were first announced, feelings both here and in Japan were mixed. The decision to use the name "Kabuki" in connection with her and her troupe aroused misgivings and even resentment, particularly in Japan. "How can people who have never appeared on a genuine Kabuki stage or performed in a Kabuki play even use the word?" the purists demanded. It was feared that the great traditional theater of Japan would be misrepresented to foreigners. The issue was further confused by the facts that Kabuki blood was in her veins, that part of her repertoire approximated actual Kabuki dances, and that the problems of transporting real Kabuki, with its vast casts and elaborate settings, to America seemed insurmountable. But surely a tasteful approximation of Kabuki, some argued, was better than nothing.

In the program Azuma Tokuho is currently presenting in New York, a number of those doubts and hesitations have been eliminated. This time she has brought along her twenty-seven-year-old son, Tsurunosuke, who *is* a Kabuki actor, although of second rank, and who *does* perform *onnagata* parts (women's roles), although for several years



now he has preferred to appear in male roles.

Tsurunosuke's story is almost as interesting as that of his mother. Of course it was a great joy to Azuma Tokuho that her son could appear on the Kabuki stage, a privilege denied her. Early in his career he was adopted by the Bando family, whose head is the great actor-dancer Mitsugoro, now in his eighties and still performing regularly. Partly because of the wishes of his mother and partly because of the rapidly increasing shortage of *onnagata* actors in Japan, Tsurunosuke was trained along these lines. But his face is the sort that doesn't look feminine even when covered with the thick dead-white of Kabuki make-up. (Even old men are sometimes preferred in these roles, and I remember one occasion when the critics complained that a certain man was too young to play the part of a girl.)

For a while Tsurunosuke had a certain vogue, but then he was transferred from Tokyo to Osaka, a comedown for any actor. Finally a year or so ago, distressed by his declining popularity and by what he felt to be the rather highhanded treatment given him by the managers of Kabuki, the Shochiku Company, he withdrew from the Kabuki theater as a regular actor. This trip to America with his mother fills in the gap while he decides his future.

### A Graceful Violence

Azuma Tokuho's new program also includes two important aspects of Kabuki that have not been shown here before—*tachimawari*, or sword fighting, and *tombo*, or acrobatics. Kabuki, which was born and flourished in a time of peace, oddly enough deals at great length with battles and wars, highway robbers, and fights among warriors. (Conversely, the Noh dramas, born in a time of upheaval, when civil wars and internal strife beset Japan, deal almost exclusively with meditative Buddhism and the renunciation of killing in any form.) Sword fighting figures prominently in Kabuki; the actors are supposed to fight realistically and yet so gracefully that the effect on the spectator is aesthetic rather than athletic. At intervals acrobatic tumbles and falls punctuate the course of a battle, and by convention signify defeat, although the same actor will often arise to continue the fight as another person.

There is more of the genuine Kabuki in the programs this time, but most important of all, there is the performance of a great artist, Azuma Tokuho.

In a conversation with a Japanese friend not long ago, I expressed my concern over nontraditional aspects of Azuma Tokuho's program and, in comparison with the many great Kabuki artists in Japan, the mediocrity of her assisting artists. My friend seemed surprised and said, "Only two things matter. Does the program give pleasure? Are America and Japan brought closer as equals by it?" The answer to both those questions is an emphatic "Yes."



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# *The Current Reappraisal Of American Liberalism*

AUGUST HECKSCHER

THE DECLINE OF AMERICAN LIBERALISM, by Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr. *Longmans, Green. $7.50.*

THE AGE OF REFORM—FROM BRYAN TO F.D.R., by Richard Hofstadter. *Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.*

We have had reason of late to be concerned by the confusions surrounding the old categories of American political thought. Liberalism is in retreat. Conservatisms of various novel kinds exert their claims, some of them concealing within their traditional rhetoric a frightening contempt for the very values they would be expected to uphold. The "middle of the road" in political tactics and "independence" in political allegiances mask for many the real void in our political thinking.

The two books under review are contributions to clarity in this field. One deals with the dilemma of current liberalism by looking at it in historical perspective—adopting the thesis that we are not in a period of temporary reaction but on a long downward slope bound for "an increasingly illiberal future." The other takes the record of liberal reform over the past half century, examining the various strains that composed it, and on that basis opens the way for some suggestive hints about the present.

### Mr. Ekirch's Glum View

Let us look first at the more pessimistic. In *The Decline of American Liberalism* Mr. Ekirch presents a sweepingly consistent view. From eighteenth-century ideas of individualism and enlightenment, which he finds manifested in the period of settlement and colonial growth, we have gone steadily downhill. Every major challenge of our history involved, he believes, a defeat for liberalism. Westward expansion, the widening dissemination of economic benefits, the advance into a position of world power—all these (not to mention the recurrence of wars) have been factors in liberty's decay. The central position of man, with his capacity for spiritual growth and moral choice, has been, in Mr. Ekirch's view, remorselessly undermined.

There is no partisanship in this approach. The New Deal saw the cult of planning and centralization; the Republican era before it had

seen the cult of conformity and prosperity. Since the Second World War we have emerged into the "garrison state," with its emphasis on national security, and the "police state," with its emphasis on national loyalty.

All this may be criticized as being just another way of saying that we no longer live in the eighteenth century or in a social order dominated by the small independent landowner. It can also be criticized as being a grossly oversimplified picture of American history.

Yet Mr. Ekirch's study has its value. Not only does it put some of our current aberrations in the field of civil rights into a healthy perspective; but also from the point of view of political theory it makes clear the need for fresh concepts. For if we have departed from liberalism, then where have we been tending? If the classical ideas of individualism are only imperfectly related to the modern world, what other ideas will give us the clues to right action? Here Mr. Hofstadter's book makes its contribution.

### Populists and Progressives

For the past fifty years, says Mr. Hofstadter, we have been in a period of more or less continuous reform. Two major currents have been apparent, roughly identifiable as the Populist and the Progressive. The Populists derived their energy from the old American ideal of a rural civilization; they saw the simple farming population being undermined by the machinations of the "money power," and they left the heritage of a provincial suspiciousness and a conspiracy complex. The Progressives derived their energy from the urban middle classes and from the farmers who had already come to recognize the commercial nature of their operations. Their tone was moral and individualistic, and their central belief was that they could organize a return to the smaller units of competition which had given free enterprise its original meaning.

After 1910 the Populist and Progressive strains merged for a brief period; and since then, according to Mr. Hofstadter, a kind of neo-liberalism has held the stage. He is explicit in drawing the contrast between the New Deal of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the earlier New Freedom of Wilson. By Roosevelt's time the Populist tradition had been discredited by the attacks of Mencken and others on the rural mind and culture; and the economic individualism of Wilson had given way to the welfare state. Pragmatism took the place of moralism; F.D.R. could disconcert the older liberals by his insensitivity to such issues as corruption and boss rule. McCarthy (as is too seldom observed) became the inheritor of many of the more disturbing elements of Populism—its anti-intellectualism, its distrust of "foreigners," its conspiratorial hypotheses. And big businessmen, talking as if they were still small businessmen, took over the propaganda of individualism.



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For Wilson the economic system had indeed provided a field of battle. Here individual men could prove themselves, and rewards and punishments were meted out in relation to character. Free choice, initiative, responsibility, courage—these had an opportunity to be displayed and to be answered by economic gain. For later reformers the economic system was rather to be judged in terms of its net results—its effectiveness as a producing and distributing organization. The vocabulary of individual initiative gave way to the vocabulary of impersonal administration: function, status, expertise, management, public relations were now the key words. Meanwhile the farming population, reduced in numbers and cohesive in interests, became a pressure group rather than a fountain of freedom and independence.

**Status Conservatism**

The change that has overtaken liberalism is balanced by a change in conservatism. Mr. Hofstadter has some witty things to say about the so-called "new conservatism," underscoring the paradox of a conservatism which (like an automobile or a refrigerator) must put out a fresh model more or less regularly. But in an important study going beyond the volume presently under review (*The New American Right*, edited by Daniel Bell; Criterion Books), he outlines some of the characteristics of a conservatism that is certainly very different, indeed disconcertingly different, from that which stood by old values and the insights of tradition.

According to his argument there is a conservatism of the "newly rich"—just as there has been a conservatism of the established rich. There is a conservatism of prosperity, which expresses itself when important groups are rising in status and which is not necessarily the same as that expressed when vested groups are being challenged. These new groups are not pressure groups, for they have already won the principal economic benefits they aimed at. They are concerned rather with consolidating their position and easing the frustrations they inevitably feel at discovering how different the real world is, with its high taxes, its obligations and ambiguities, from the simple world of the rich they had beheld in their dreams.

From such sources springs the conservatism that wants the repeal of the Sixteenth (income-tax) Amendment, the curtailment of international commitments, and a general suppression of individualism. "The nonconformity of others," says Mr. Hofstadter, "appears to such persons as a frivolous challenge to the whole order of things they are trying so hard to become part of."

WHAT THEN is the prospect for liberalism? Is it doomed, as Mr. Ekirch believes? Is it temporarily

mislaid, as Mr. Hofstadter suggests, between the modern emphasis on organization and the consequent attainment of abundance? No one who seriously values the American tradition can fail to be disturbed by many of the signs around him. Yet the elements of a revivified liberalism are at hand. I would like to mention three which, as I see it, have to be woven into the pattern of any political creed adequate to present-day America.

¶ Liberalism must reassert its conviction that civil liberties are at the heart of all liberty. Mr. Ekirch's study is one indication of how fatal is the decline when the claims of the individual are held less valid than the claims of the state to security and absence of criticism. It has been argued that civil rights must necessarily be upheld by a comparatively detached and sophisticated minority, thus cutting liberty off today from the mass support which it has maintained in its most productive periods. Perhaps so. But at least the liberal can act proudly and confidently in this area; and the quite precise standard he upholds is one that all free men must ultimately acknowledge.

¶ Liberalism must develop the values of a shared community life. The pastoral legends of America's golden age can exert, even today, their saving influence. The simple farming society of Jefferson is gone; but in new communities, in the decentralization made possible by technology and transportation, something of the old outlook can be maintained. A liberalism ignoring these roots, disavowing the Jeffersonian and Populist tradition, is bound to be sterile.

¶ Liberalism, finally, must find something of the moral conviction that marked the Progressive movement. In the theory surrounding foreign policy we are passing from the extremes of postwar power philosophies to a kind of neo-Wilsonism. The thinking here has been fresher and more intensive than in the field of domestic political action. The basic truth waits still to be fully rediscovered: that liberalism is something more than the creation of a favorable material environment, more than the organization of abundance. The enlargement of the human personality, the enhancement of man's dignity and responsibility, remains its supreme function.

MR. HOFSTADTER is a historian who sees the ironies of the liberal movement—how its virtues have constantly tended to turn into excesses, making prigs of reformers and dupes of moralists. But he is not a cynic; he helps us to understand where we have gone wrong, and why, and thereby makes it possible to get back on the trail. He has the tolerant, relaxed approach of the true liberal; and the body of his work is one of those happy facts which surely give the lie Mr. Ekirch's somber prophecies.



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# *There Really Was A Benchley*

**WILLIAM LEE MILLER**

ROBERT BENCHLEY, by Nathaniel Benchley. *McGraw-Hill. $3.95.*

Humorist Frank Sullivan once wrote of humorist Robert Benchley, "His lance pierced more shams than all the preachments of the indignation boys and do-gooders."

To borrow a phrase from some anonymous high-school boy, Mr. Sullivan is full of prune whip all the way up to the eyebrows. Benchley had no lance, and a good solid preachment from just one indignation boy could pierce more shams than Benchley pierced in his whole bumbling, laughing lifetime.

Benchley did pierce the sham of using "V" instead of "U" in carving words in stone ("SVMMER BVILDING") and he did strike a blow for freedom from the mercilessness of hostesses intent upon their guests having a good time, but that's about the extent of it. I am at a loss (about a ten-yard loss) to explain why people who write about humor and humorists get all choked up and sober about it, and always try to say that humor is absolutely the best method of exposing folly and piercing shams and attacking foibles. (There is always a lot about foibles.) If one tested it one might find that humor would come in well behind direct, rational argument, and even indignant preachment, in the noble work of foible piercing. Sheathe your rapiers, men.

Happily, Nathaniel Benchley, writing about his father, avoids this common error of giving humor and humorists too direct and serious a purpose, and also avoids the opposite error of taking them too lightly. Some books about humor and humorists are so full of jokes and attempts at jokes that they make the reader slightly sick, like too rich a fruitcake in which not all the fruit is agreeable. Those ubiquitous humor anthologies, for example, emphasize the special attitudes and techniques that humorists share with each other rather than the larger human qualities any one of them may share with men at large. Humorists, like intellectuals, may be splendid people individually but they are annoying as a class.

### His Own Walter Mitty

Robert Benchley was no detached professional humorist, efficiently grinding out gags and jokes about the inefficiencies of life. From his son's description of his room, his career, and his habits, he seems to have raised the *Weltanschauung* of the college humor magazine to a way of life. He may really have found, on emptying his desk, an old mitten, a program for a six-day bicycle race, and half a Life Saver (Clove flavor); his Harvard education may really be summed up by his remembering that Charlemagne died, or was born, or did something with the Holy Roman Empire in 800 A.D. He seems to have achieved that rare Kierkegaardian reduplication: His life and his work were one.

And it was his life he wrote about, sort of. That was his contact with the reality any good humorist has to have lurking somewhere in his background. His trivia had none of the serious overtones of, say, Thurber, but he did write more or less about a real person—himself. He seems really to have had trouble saying "Guess I'll toddle along" at parties, and he really did flee "like a wild, hunted thing" at the first sign of dancing, and he did have difficulty knowing when to call his floor on an elevator, his voice ranging from rich baritone to rasping tenor. He was his own Walter Mitty.

### The Still, Small Voice

A standard word about Benchley and, as he would say, his ilk, is that they were mild, sensitive men who couldn't work the gadgets of a gadget-minded civilization. Nathaniel Benchley makes clear that this oft-repeated interpretation really does have its basis: Benchley was a major victim of that tendency of things to be against us—the unfoldability of newspapers, the rolling away of pencils, the self-hiding of needed objects.

But it wasn't just the resistance of things and gadgets to which Benchley was responding; it was that still more awesome phenomenon, the earnestness of human beings. It was not the machine he kidded, but organized and purposeful society. Or, rather, he joshed his own inability to fit into that society, the world of charts, diagrams, Treasurers' Reports, and Getting Things Done. Against the American idea of rational, efficient, productive, well-organized man, his paragraphs presented the bemusing image of Robert Benchley.

In our determined world of career, progress, and tangible success, Benchley represented that still, small voice which whispers softly, "Why?" or "Don't," or possibly just "The hell with it." That's why we like him best when we are sophomores, when the juices of irresponsibility are flowing freely.

NATHANIEL BENCHLEY's biography shows that as a young man Robert was a penurious, moral, nondrinking, pacifist, social-working type who wanted to write something Really Good. But his sense of humor somehow overcame it all. It was, as his admirers doubtless would say, the triumph of his better instincts over his conscience.

His "pieces" consequently deprecated himself and his writing. Springing to Einstein's defense, he would say he did it because they were more or less in the same line of work (writing). His style was a continual joking about the writing as he went along: "With the advent of water-power and the subsequent water pistol Luke (Luke was the fellow I was speaking of a few yards back) didn't know what to do. Unless I am greatly mistaken, this paragraph belongs in another article."

Maybe this humor has the result of suddenly, candidly showing up the limits of our deadly serious purposes. Maybe it gives perspective and a sense of something larger than all the solemn projects in which we become embroiled. But don't ever accuse it of taking up lances and directly intending to do that.



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# *Fourteen Thousand Preferred to Die*

**SIDNEY ALEXANDER**

ANDERSONVILLE, by MacKinlay Kantor. *World.* $5.

As the Trojan War was to the Greeks so our Civil War has become to us—a real event existing in historic time, which continues to give off magical emanations like the phosphorescence on the tropical ocean at night. Novels, historical studies, biographies, libraries of Lincolniana, military analyses, political essays, book-length epic poems—the literature is immense, so immense indeed that we have a Civil War Book Club to help us pick our way.

Now comes MacKinlay Kantor with a novel that has been termed by so responsible a historian as Henry Steele Commager "the greatest of our Civil War novels." Perhaps it is; I am no specialist in American Civil War history; I have not even read *Gone With the Wind*. "Oh, MacKinlay Kantor," I thought, "that *Satevepost* fellow who writes middlebrow entertainment for the middle class. How good can this be?"

Well, it is a most impressive performance. This is obviously a book that Kantor dreamed of doing all his life. And he has turned in a stirring work, shaped of forty years of delving in Civil War material, a profound sense of identity with the American past, and a craft which, if not inventive or fresh, has been well sharpened over twenty-eight antecedent books. Both in its techniques and its situation this novel is a cross between John Hersey's *The Wall* and Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*.

As in the former, we have the spectacle of thousands of people penned within a stockade. With horror we watch the Malthusian Law speeded up to an insane tempo: twenty-odd acres of land, fifty thousand prisoners over a period of fourteen months, a nightmare population of gaunt men and skeletal boys dwelling in shebangs improvised by the prisoners themselves out of tarpaulins and scraps of pinewood, their water polluted, the camp a huge festering latrine guarded by doddering cripples and trigger-happy adolescents who relieve their boredom and fear by shooting a helpless Yankee now and then. The camp commander, Captain Henry Wirz, a Swiss-German, suffers from a necrotic wound, a Teutonic sense of obedience, and a poetic habit of identifying Andersonville's inmates with the bears in the bear pit at Bern.

But Wirz, contemptible as he is, is not truly responsible. The chain of inhumanity stretches back to General John H. Winder, a Confederate officer who bears striking resemblances to any number of Nazi commandants of the late war. Without forcing his parallel and without tampering with his convincing sense of period, Mr. Kantor is successful in pointing up the often discouraging contemporaneity of the past.

### The Spark Within the Ape

The author does not permit compassion to get in the way of precision. In telling exactly what happened at Andersonville, he is annotating like a laboratory technician the degrees of bestiality to which men may be subjected before they themselves are transformed into beasts. What astonishes us—as we are astonished in accounts of Auschwitz or Siberian camps or the Warsaw ghetto—is the persistence of man's pride, that stubborn spark within the ape which refuses to be stamped out under the most appalling conditions. Mr. Kantor makes it clear that these prisoners might have escaped the hell of their confinement almost at once had they simply agreed to take an oath of allegiance to the Confederacy. Only a handful succumbed to this temptation. Fourteen thousand preferred to die instead.

In the tradition of unsparing realism, Mr. Kantor plunges us up to the armpits in the filth and misery of the Andersonville prison stockade in Sumter County, Georgia. From the first day of the erection of the fifteen-foot pine-log fence late in 1863 to the ultimate liberation of the prisoners by the victorious Union armies, Mr. Kantor involves us step by step in what went on both inside and outside the camp.

When he concentrates on the situation inside—employing the Dos Passos-Mailer impressionistic time machine to bring these men up to their naked and dead present—his work is powerful and moving. Mr. Kantor makes us experience the incredulity with which batches of "fresh fish"—new Union captives—encounter the stench in the nostrils of history that was the Andersonville stockade.

In a series of stories frequently bathed in bitter irony, Mr. Kantor summons a roll call of the states, a Whitmanian catalogue of America at mid-passage, a Currier-and-Ivesish series of images of the United States disunited, ravaged, broiling, energetic, heroic, and mean. It is, in the main, a portrait gallery of farm boys and mechanics; simple, most of them ignorant, many illiterate, dirty, scrofulous, innocent of any grand ideas other than the stubborn conviction that the Union must be preserved. For most of them the issue of slavery is beside the point. Only a few idealists—some on religious grounds, some like Nathan Dreyfoos who as a Jew has a long sense of history—are capable of conceiving of the war as possessing dimensions beyond the immediate ten feet of ground on which they stand.

So, on individual orbits of destiny, they come to Andersonville. Some survive; many rot and die. A bird watcher from the Midwest is brutalized to the point of biting off the heads of swallows who have unaccountably fluttered within reach of meat-starved men. A prisoner feigns death and is carried out with a batch of corpses only to be shot by a terrified guard when he emerges like a specter from the pile. The hoodlums within the camp are ultimately tried and hanged by their fellow prisoners; a self-government of Regulators is set up, an epitome of Hobbes's social contract: a reign of law to restrain the "*bellum omnium contra*



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*omnes.*" A thunderstorm releases a pure spring—a Biblical symbol of purity in the charnel house.

**Southerners, Good and Bad**

All this is very fine. But when the author strays outside his stockade—outside the circle of historic facts, one suspects—he falls prey to many of the stereotypes of Civil War fiction. Mr. Kantor manages to maintain a strict objectivity in the North-South conflict. (In his bibliography, the author tells us that he ". . . no longer considers that there was a 'War Between the States'. . .") Nevertheless, in those sections of the novel dealing with the ante-bellum Southern aristocracy, Mr. Kantor succumbs to the heavy fragrance of magnolia sentimentality. The plantation of Ira Claffey abuts the prison stockade; part of Ira's land has been pre-empted for this purpose, and the story of Ira's household—his kindness to his slaves, his loss of three sons in the Southern cause, the resulting insanity of his wife, the marriage of his daughter to a physician serving at the camp, Ira's encounter with Sherman's march through Georgia—all these are rather stock materials that require the eccentric violence and vision of a Faulkner to revivify them.

And as if to balance the stereotype of the plantation Southerner, Mr. Kantor gives us the Tobacco Road Southerner: the Widow Tebbs, who provides entertainment for the guards at the prison and thrives mightily so long as there are males about. The Tebbs farm is outfitted with the expected idiot child (Zoral), the fifteen-year-old daughter (Laurel) who gets raped, the teen-aged son (Floral) who walks the parapet at Andersonville and just has got to shoot himself a Yankee (he does; and all the history in Nathan Dreyfoos's head is blotted out), and the eighteen-year-old Coral, a Confederate veteran who has lost a leg in the conflict.

Coral is admirably transformed from a bitter illiterate, foaming with hatred against the world in general and the North in particular, to a most human young man who helps one of Andersonville's prisoners to escape. For this Yankee escapee has lost an arm and, discovering him, Coral is filled with a sense of the free-


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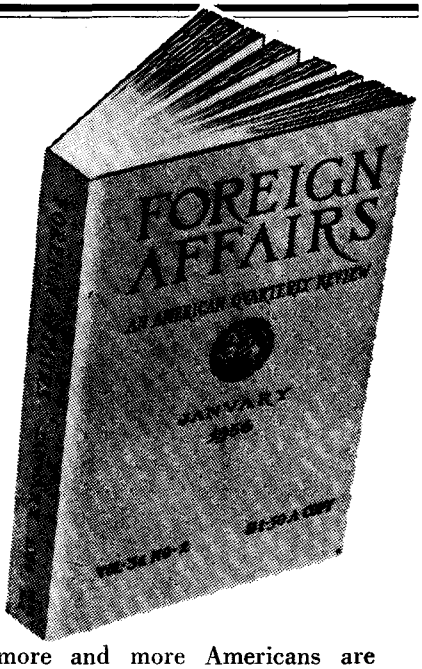


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masonry of the maimed. The prisoner turns out to have been a man who in civilian life had manufactured artificial limbs. He contrives a wooden leg for Coral; Coral helps him to escape. A bit too pat perhaps, the image is nonetheless appealing.

### The Festering Glory

After a year and a half the camp is evacuated, the commander is led off babbling to his ultimate execution as a war criminal, and Ira Claffey treads the speaking space—foul-smelling, sodden with memories and filth, decayed shoes, tumbling huts—of what had been not long before his piney woods. And Claffey ponders the meaning of this war thus: "Here was a truth to offer strength and—perhaps, later—courage. This truth: any creed for which men are willing to die achieves an historic dignity, and cannot be shamed, no matter how one hated it. . . ."

Any creed? Were not Nazis willing to die? And Communists? And Savonaroleans? The degree of passionate adherence to a doctrine does not release us from the responsibility of analyzing its nature.

Like so many of our artists, Mr. Kantor reasons best when he does not reason explicitly. The Civil War that emerges from the festering glory that was Andersonville is a deeply felt segment of a much broader struggle. No Negroes emerge in this book other than the Massa-loving slaves on Ira's plantation. We are left with a throbbing sense of a wound that scarred the nation—a wound which still bestows upon us a lack of comprehension between the sections.

From his rich store of fact and a praiseworthy absence of preconceptions, Mr. Kantor has suffused the What Happened of the event with poetic insight. He reminds us of what we cannot be reminded of too often: that war is hell, that—as Stephen Crane puts it in the psychologically more penetrating and terse *The Red Badge of Courage*—men in battle neglect to stand in picturesque attitudes, that goodness and courage fly like birds across no man's land, that roses blossom on a dung heap and love in the midst of carnage.

But we are still faced with the implacable Why.

# *How to Write A Diplomatic Memoir*

**WILLIAM HARLAN HALE**

WITH NEAR UNANIMITY, book reviewers have bypassed a recently published curiosity called *Dome of Many-Coloured Glass* by Post Wheeler and his wife, Hallie Erminie Rives (Doubleday, $7.50)—a memoir of twenty-five years in the American diplomatic service, although you might not guess this from the title borrowed from Shelley.

It is not hard to see why their book should have been ignored. Mr.

Wheeler was for the most part a rather obscure career officer, going about minor occasions at embassies from St. Petersburg to Rome and Tokyo in an era when American diplomats still tended to be mere decorative spectators at foreign courts. He figured in no earth-shaking crises; he attended no Yaltas; he has no views to offer as to how the world should be run. When he retired in 1935, a genteel figure shown in the frontispiece wearing pince-nez and a Vandyke beard, the highest post to which he had attained was that of Minister to King Zog's horse-drawn Albania.

All that the Wheelers have written, is a garrulous, gossipy, and engaging evocation of a vanished age at gilded or becalmed capitals around the globe in the years before the flood. Palace balls, equipages, outriders pass before the eye; we see long-dead kings, forgotten Ministers, the last of the Romanoffs, Mrs. Keppel, and Marquis Ito in his lotus garden. We go to St. Petersburg's Winter Palace when the visiting Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, with "a nose like a scimitar," gives a diplomatic reception there, and among the splash of uniforms appear the Chinese in their silken court robes, their mandarin-button hats and peacock feathers. Then comes the Amir of Bokhara, studded with jewels, and there is annoyance at court when he uses the suite he is staying in at the palace as the scene for the summary beheading of a cook suspected of putting ground glass into his ragout.

We see William Jennings Bryan visiting Tokyo and making a hideous *faux pas* when he jokes before an audience of notables about the Emperor's sacred sixteen-petal chrysanthemum emblem: "His Majesty and I have much in common. We both have the Sixteen to One, he in his crest and I in my free-silver motto!" We travel with the portly William Howard Taft on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, when a frostbitten Russian Army band appears out of the snow to welcome him with what sounds at first like a badly distorted version of "Hail to the Chief" but then turns out to be that old faorite, "Oh, You Beautiful Doll"—actually not composed until four years after the event.

### Omission of the Interesting

Trivia, most of it. But at least color and life—good things to have in a memoir. I have been reading some books recently written by Americans who reached heights on the world diplomatic stage far beyond Mr. Wheeler's ken—books sold under the heading of memoirs—and they do not all necessarily have color and life. James Byrnes's *Speaking Frank-*



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*ly* of several years ago is an example. It was perhaps the archetype of a new species of high-level memoir that might be described as a declassified official report, somewhat edited. Admiral William D. Leahy's *I Was There* is another. It proves beyond any doubt that Leahy was there, at wartime Vichy and at Yalta, but leaves you wondering what he actually saw.

Take, for example, those historic days at Yalta. What was it actually like to be there? Not just what did the Big Three say to one another across the plenary conference table —that's all in the minutes anyway— but what was the atmosphere like, what impression did the summit actors make on those at the table with them, what were the dinners like, the late-night bull sessions, the private jokes, the mornings after, the surroundings, the faces of the supporting cast, the attendants, the servitors—in short, the color and life? If you read the memoirs of Byrnes, Leahy, or Admiral King, you get little beyond a transcript; not one speaks even of what personal impression Stalin made on him. Does that mean Stalin made no impression? Even the late Edward Stettinius, who wrote a whole book about Yalta that does contain many valuable recollections of off-the-record talks, doesn't get around to making any observation on the Soviet chieftain until page 111, and then only to record the author's amusement at noticing that Stalin poured water into his vodka glass when the toasting became prolonged. Just a minor footnote to history, to be sure, but still a footnote. One is grateful for anything.

(The matter of ceremonial drinking also provides almost the only touches of human relief in Byrnes's and King's accounts, Byrnes protesting that he himself didn't drink wine and the Admiral that he, for his part, stuck to sherry. There was evidently a fair amount of drinking.)

I AM NOT talking about the politics of writing memoirs, but about the art. A memoir, I take it, is a form of communication about things experienced that may be either important or trivial, but whose essence is to communicate the experience.

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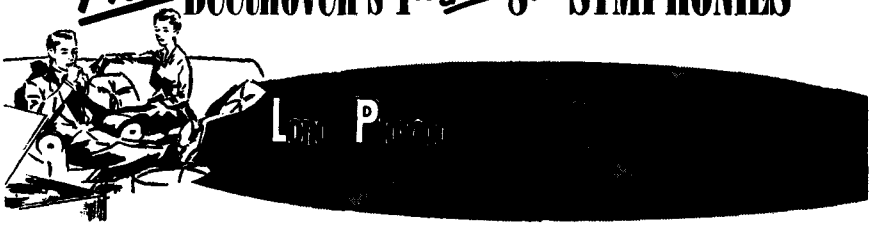

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interesting only in that it reveals something about the author in spite of himself. Some memoirs are written for pleasure, some for self-justification, and some for concealment; all reflect the writer's whole personality, whether in what they say or what they leave out. Talleyrand wrote five volumes that deliberately hid much, and Prince Bülow four volumes that told all—and then fabricated some. When Ambassador-Admiral Leahy in his bald quarter-deck account of his mission to Vichy remarks of the men around Pétain only that "I soon knew all of Pétain's ministers and met them socially but did not do any business with them," he avoids even the very mention of their names. We miss the scene that Leahy was privileged to see, but get an inkling of what kind of an ambassador he was.

### Phillips, Bowles, Davies, Bowers

Soon the time will come for other ranking American witnesses and actors in our time's high occasions abroad to write their stories too. Consider Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen, veteran of many capitals and of summit conferences from Teheran through Geneva. What should he tell? He has several choices and many models. The simplest is to tell nothing and just reminisce over dinner. But this often leaves a gnawing desire for print—and diplomats, even of the discreet and silent kind, do in large numbers turn out books. Witness William Phillips's *Ventures in Diplomacy*, a book that glides over his forty years in a score of posts with a positively velvet touch. Ambassador Phillips saw everybody and knew everybody, but

he remained an aloof and cautious man, and almost the only strong enthusiasm that comes through his curtained pages is one for Mussolini. He edited out too much in some places, not enough in others.

Or there is the serious-minded, Whither-our-Destiny kind of book, sometimes sold as a memoir, as in the case of Chester Bowles's *Ambassador's Report*, which features exhaustive reports on India's history, geography, economy, folkways, and future, together with some earnest chapters on what we should do about it. Interwoven, there are a few occasional glimpses into what day-to-day life was like for our ambassador at New Delhi, such as the touch about his serving only fruit juices at receptions. Footnote to history: The temperate Indians love fruit juices.

Or there is the garrulous grab bag, published without much second thought and possibly without much thought in the first place, either. Example: Joseph P. Davies's *Mission to Moscow*, published fifteen years ago and still the only American diplomatic memoir to have been made into a Hollywood movie. Now, that *was* a memoir. In its sprawl of family letters, dispatches, jottings, and first-name notes to the top people in Washington, Ambassador Davies erupted in enthusiasm for just about everyone and everything he saw, couching it in such trenchant terms as these: "President Kalinin lives in the Kremlin. . . . He looks like a fine type"; "[Japanese Ambassador] Shigemitsu is lame—a very able man"; "Schulenburg [Hitler's envoy to Moscow] is very jolly and attractive in a fine German way." I



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doubt that Mr. Bohlen will ever write a memoir resembling this.

There is the middle-distance kind of book, such as Claude G. Bowers's chronicle of his service in Civil War Madrid, *My Mission to Spain*—a book that became delayed too long or not long enough, until initial memories had faded while the author had not taken time to review his experience in long perspective.

### The Rare Joseph Grew

There is, finally, the rare kind of book that is both panoramic and personal, vivid as well as reflective, and as delighted with recollections of colors and all manner of people as it is concerned with the grand enfolding of historical design. I am thinking of Joseph C. Grew's two-volume *Turbulent Era*.

Grew, the professional, was of course discreet, but as a man he is also irrepressible. He kept rich diaries. He wrote stacks of vigorous letters. "A diary is of no real value unless it is thoroughly indiscreet," he remarked at one point, "and mine . . . left nothing to be desired in that respect." A diary could be valuable if it could "furnish a little color and atmosphere to a particular scene of the past." Even in writing dispatches, the grist of his trade, Grew constantly had "the historical record in mind and . . . turned in a good many which were intended much more for the record than for their current importance." Mr. Grew was a rare kind of man.

And so, in his thousand pages, scenes and personalities from more than four decades come to life: The St. Petersburg of 1907, glittering in the snow, and Grew walking the banks of the Neva (where John Quincy Adams had paced almost a century before) in rapt admiration; the Czar and King George V parading together at the last gathering of the European royal clans in 1913, and young Grew trying to weigh just how much they actually looked alike; First Secretary Grew and his chief, Ambassador Gerard, waiting on the Kaiser in a four-day stay at his military headquarters in an effort to stave off a German-American rupture, with the remembered glint of uniforms, hard faces, heel clicking and Rhine wines; imperious Lord Curzon (that "most superior pur-

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zon") and the wild confusions over writing the Turkish treaty under the soft hills of Lausanne; and then, in Tokyo, all the artifice, the veiled words over the teacups, the steep bows in cutaways, the flash of knives from under the flower arrangements in those last years before the smash.

LET A MEMOIR, then, tell stories, which are worth a hundred reports. Phillips tells a unique one of his trip as ambassador at Rome to see King Victor Emmanuel in the summer crisis of 1939 to press upon him President Roosevelt's personal appeal for his initiative in staving off European war. He found the King vacationing among his favorite trout streams in Piedmont, and interested only in talking about fishing. "He said . . . that he had caught over seven hundred trout, but would remain in camp until he had caught his usual average of one thousand. Would he then return to Rome, I asked. 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'I shall go to my farm near Pisa,' and, smiling, he added, 'You know, I hate palaces.' "

### Admiral Stevens and J. Q. Adams

Admiral Leslie C. Stevens, an astonishingly articulate sailor, tells another. In his *Russian Assignment* he recalls how, as naval attaché in Moscow several years ago, he practiced his Russian by writing sonnets in it, and produced a somber one that turned into a lament of a loyal Soviet citizen who has been sent to a prison camp and separated from his sweetheart. "Can't you write on any other subject but that?" asks his language teacher, an attractive young Russian girl, much upset. "It's dangerous to write things like that." Or the time when the Admiral, in mufti, drops in to a cheap bar and strikes up acquaintance with a grimy individual who turns out to be a typesetter on *Pravda* and confesses that he doesn't believe a word of all the propaganda he has been setting.

We have had, I suspect, at least five hundred books by missionaries, envoys, professors, research associates, and committees about Japan, its history, development, challenge, etc., but I know of none more revealing and diverting than the journal written a century ago by the now-forgotten Townsend Harris, our first resident envoy there, in which he describes with crusty and hilarious detail just what it was like to make the first intrusion into the Mikado's preserve, with its gorgeous ceremony, implausible affability, and impenetrable deviousness.

Or go all the way back. I would like to suggest to Ambassador Bohlen and to any other of our today's diplomats who may feel the urge to reveal at least something of what they have seen in far places, and not just leave it to the historians and researchers to reconstruct, that they consult, if they have not yet done so, the published diary written by perhaps the most brilliant of all our diplomats to date, John Quincy Adams. Adams, we all know, was crabbed, ingrown, and a trifle sour. But he was rarely mute and never dull. He erupted nightly over his diary pages while at St. Petersburg, London, Paris, and Ghent, scourging his rivals, revealing his own motives, and managing to make even a conversation with the Czar on the subject of the weather of great atmospheric import. His contemporaries feared or deplored him, and all historians love him. I think I know from Adams what it was like to be with him at the treatymaking at Ghent in 1814—far more than I know so far what it was like to be at Yalta in 1945. There was Lord Gambier, chief of the British delegation, whom Adams found "peremptory and overbearing," until he finally sat down with him over wine. There were the receptions and the music, which Adams didn't entirely approve of, and the American fellow commissioner, Henry Clay, whom he approved of still less. "Mr. Clay is losing his temper and growing peevish and fractious," we learn. (What about the sick Harry Hopkins at Yalta?) And again, the Puritanical Adams reporting stiffly: "Just before rising, I heard Mr. Clay's company retiring from his chamber. I had left him . . . at cards."

Mr. Adams, a solemn, high-minded man, who felt the future of the Republic weighing upon his shoulders, had time to write about the Czar's smile when he spoke of snow and of the number of hours Mr. Clay spent at cards. Somehow, this grim gentleman sensed what we really want to know.



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# The Importance of Cricket

**GOUVERNEUR PAULDING**

ISLAND IN THE SUN, by Alec Waugh. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.95.*

On this island in the West Indies there is a club for white people and a club for those who are not white. If you are a Negro lawyer who has played cricket for Oxford you can be asked to dine at Government House with His Excellency Major General the Lord Templeton, a man who represents the Crown with none of the stupidity that fiction so often wittily attributes to British soldiers performing civilian jobs and whose feeling for good form, even when habit leads him to express it in military terms, is never comic. But you cannot take the Governor's son to your club. That is the way society is arranged, yet there is nothing about the arrangement that is crude in the way segregation in our South is crude. At the Nurses' Ball, for instance, whites and Negroes dance together; the Negro cricketer is the island's Attorney General, and when the Governor's son, Euan, asks him to go swimming with two white girls it is not very scandalous to anyone but a few old maids. It is just that the invitation has to be made very carefully to make sure he will accept it; it has to be made very clear to him that the girls know he is being asked.

IN SANTA MARTA everything is a matter of tact, prudence, and good form, and if people do not act as if they were in the presence of God they attempt to live up to the standards of decorum proposed to them—white planter families, Negro professional classes—as loyal subjects of the Crown. In a world that never moved at all this situation could endure. But the little island world cannot remain motionless. An enlightened British government is preparing the island for some degree of self-government.

This means calling on the Negro workers of the plantations to elect representatives to a governing council. They know nothing of either the white man's club or the Negro's club; they care little about good form; they want simple things like money in order to have simple pleasures like eating and drinking; they interrupt campaign oratory with rude music—and they have it in their power of course to re-enact the bloody uprisings of the slave days. Demagogues seek their favor; planter gentlemen stand for election hoping with some futility that affairs will be entrusted to their wisdom and moderation.

One of these planter gentlemen is presented abruptly with the evidence that his grandmother was colored. That is the other theme in this novel. The dominant plantation society has never been and cannot hope to be racially pure. There is a gradation of color just as there is a gradation of learning, wealth, and ability that makes the rigid two-club system false to the facts of the present and impractical as an index to the future. The only standard possible for the government of the island and for its social organization must be based on character alone.

DEEP IN HIS HEART, this is what the Governor means by good form. He backs the Oxford Negro cricketer not because of cricket or Oxford but because he is a man of character, a man of perfect form. He will not be indignant when he finds that his aide is carrying a Negro woman off to England with him as his wife, since good form in love is beyond all calculation. He will not be indignant about this or other matters concerning race, but neither will he preach about it or make a system about it. It is a pleasure to find that Alec Waugh, unlike his brother Evelyn, can write about a gentleman without swooning.

No one in this book preaches and it is high time to say that it is not some sort of thesis about colonial administration and Negro-white relations. It is an exciting and witty novel, combining the stories of many people. In addition to portraying a very remarkable Governor, it provides a happy ending to two love stories, together with an equally happy and deliberate sacrifice that prevents a third from running wild. It has a detective who supplies his suspect, a murderer, with *Crime and Punishment* as an inducement to reflection, and an American gossip columnist whose unhabitually thorough job of research brings nothing but trouble to quite a number of people on the island. It is a fine story—and it makes one think.

## Book Notes

A HISTORY OF SOUTH-EAST ASIA, by D. G. E. Hall. *St Martin's Press. $10.*

We can credit the dust jacket of this impressive book: "The First Authoritative one-volume History of Indonesia, Burma, Malaya, Vietnam, and Thailand." This author, who has lectured on history in Rangoon, Singapore, Jakarta, and Bangkok as well as London, uses his own wide-ranging original researches to supplement those of hundreds of other scholars writing in a dozen languages. Here we have something of value to the specialist, a welcome addition to the reference library, and a mine of information for the general reader—who is disarmingly advised to start with Part IV, "Nationalism and the Challenge to European Domination," and end with Part I, "The Pre-European Period," with Parts II and III, on European expansion, in between. Notwithstanding these "Europe-centric" headings, Mr. Hall is generally successful in his attempt "to present South-East Asia historically as an area worthy of consideration in its own right, and not merely when brought into contact with China, India or the West." If these many petty kingdoms and mighty empires, nearly all long dead and all alike exotic to us, prove bewildering at times, they are actually no more so than, say, feudal Germany, Italy, and Spain.

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THE LIFE OF RUDYARD KIPLING, by C. E. Carrington. *Doubleday. $5.50.*

This life, no literary study, proves that the tags labeling Kipling a jingo have been cruelly lifted out of context.



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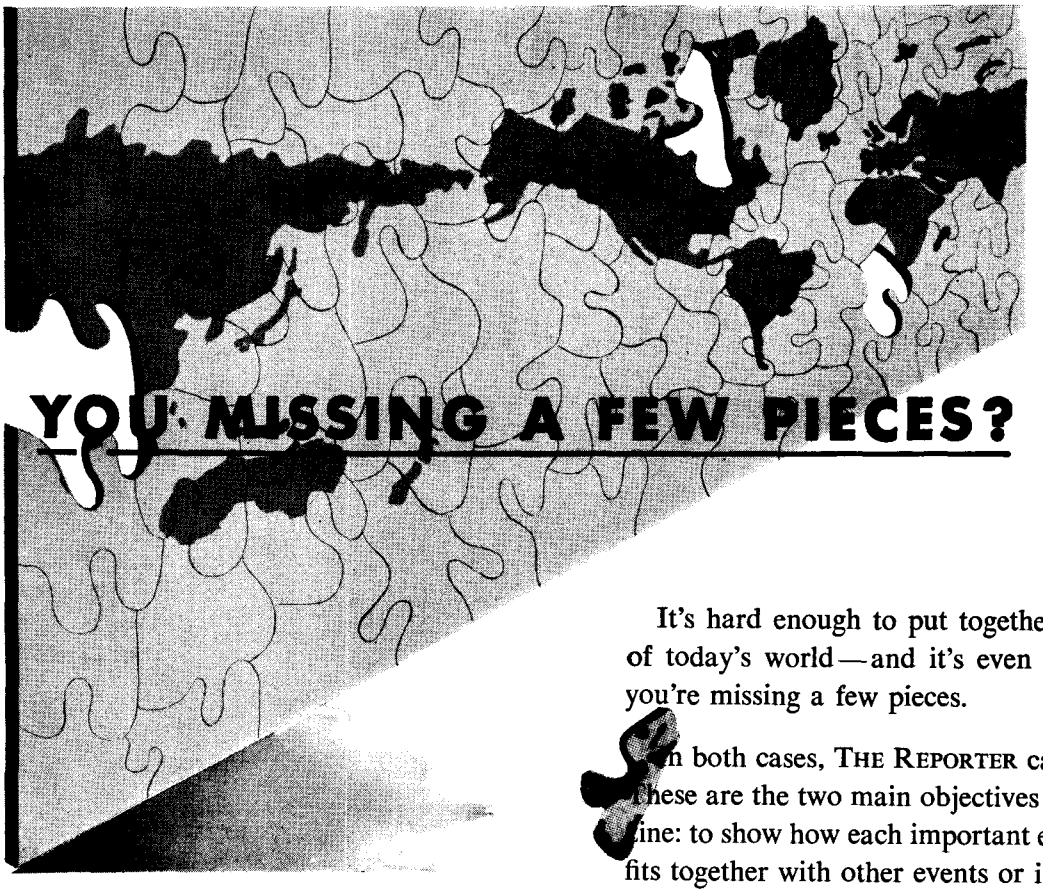

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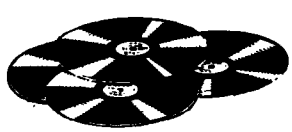

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